

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

The Extra Curricular Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOOL TERM BY

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES PUBLISHING CO.

1212 West 13th St., Topeka, Kansas

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Single Copy, 20 cents

\$1.50 per Year

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As the Editor Sees It—

I recently called upon a school superintendent in his office. Naturally I was interested to observe that a complete file of *SCHOOL ACTIVITIES* was carefully preserved and arranged on a shelf conveniently within his reach. He was a little boastful of the fact that when anyone—teacher or student—borrowed a copy, that person was held strictly and severely responsible for its return. I was gratified at the value this man placed upon the magazine, but I was dubious about the limitation he placed on its usefulness. Games, stunts, and plays would lose much of their value if made familiar to all students. Yet it is unfortunate to restrict teachers and student leaders from making full use of all such helps.

There is one thing besides the weather that everyone complains of and yet does nothing about. That is admission charge at school functions. Some schools have discontinued entrance fees for debate and a few other functions, in order to guarantee themselves an audience. Free admission to interscholastic games and to such other activities as will stand a charge, exists mainly in educational theory. Desirable as it is, most educational set-ups are not ready for it.

Department, attitude, or citizenship means student behavior as it is reported to parents. Often it is a problem—a problem in subtraction. But I know of one principal of a large high school who has simplified its solution by making it a matter of addition. His teachers are required to report every outstanding incident of student behavior that merits either commendation or reprimand. The student's mark in citizenship results from the pluses

and minuses with which he has been credited, and the teacher receives demerit marks whose plus reports are not approximately equal in number to the minus reports.

Some superintendents confess that their biggest task is being publicity agents for their schools. In this connection it is interesting to observe how ineffective for publicity purposes would be news items relating only to work traditionally in the curriculum. On the other hand, numerous studies in school publicity agree that about fifty per cent of all newspaper space given to school news relates to some phase of extra curricular activities.

Last year a firm that manufactures and sells a line of school supplies branched out to become jobbers of a line of class jewelry. However, many families could not, or would not, pay for rings and pins, so the firm lost heavily. Even when school heads sign such an order it is doubtful wisdom for a school supply company to force payment.

A subscriber writes, "Our school with *A Wheel of State* (*SCHOOL*

ACTIVITIES, February, 1932) won first prize at a county play day meeting here recently". Now I am ready to take back a part of what I have said against contests. The thought of *We win!* makes one like that.

Schools, like other agencies of government get a lot of adverse criticism from the public. Perhaps it is deserved, but every charge is answered by the fact that schools have given the public what it wanted.

NEXT MONTH

And in Subsequent Issues

School Assemblies, by Edwin Milton Belles.

Mass Games for Boys, by T. C. Mcmillen.

Make Your Play Colorful, by Julia W. Wolfe.

Religious and Moral Activities of the High School, by A. E. Holch.

A Character-Costume Day, by J. A. Boggess.

A Co-operative Study Plan, by Ann D. Harmacek.

Other Non-royalty Plays, Stunts, Monologs, Games, Money-making Plans and Articles in the Field of Extra Curricular Activities.

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SHALL WE HAVE CENSORS—OR SPONSORS?

By DONALD B. BROOKS, Ventura, California

I. CENSORSHIP.

The question of censorship is one of the major problems of school publications, whether curricular or extra curricular, and often needlessly so. This is primarily a matter of administrative policy and technique, and with proper care and foresight, can usually be solved in advance. It hinges on selection of editorial staff, content and methods of journalistic teaching, wise selection of an experienced sponsor, general "tone" of the school, and the additional fact that too often the high school publications try to ape those of the college, not knowing the standards of their own level.

The writing and printing of school publications is a highly specialized business loaded with headaches! It requires an experienced adult both as a sponsor and as a censor. On the other hand, both can be over zealous. Too much sponsoring leads to financial deficits in student funds. As for censoring, that is best done before the publication goes to press. It is the old story of an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure. (1).

To quote from Carl C. Miller (2): "Censorship is the teacher's fault; she is usually an underling at the game of teaching journalism to the youth with the dynamic ideas."

Editorial staffs and journalism classes should be told what is best before it is printed, not after. With this instruction should go a diplomatic selection of printable material. There should be no need of a drastic censorship after publication. A sponsor should also have the authority to enforce discipline, and if necessary, remove any student from the staff if he does not function properly. (3).

"The faculty allows too much independence in school publications before and not enough after going to press," is the way Doyle puts it. (4).

If problems arise through the printing of "razzberry" editions, and they frequently do, it is primarily the fault of the administration because of the form of censorship in vogue. An ounce of prevention is worth many apologies. As a matter of fact, such editions are unnecessary, indeed they are opposed by Pi Delta Epsilon, the national honorary collegiate society. Their

policy is constructive and not destructive. (5).

II. SPONSORS.

Censorship is essential with all student publications. It requires one who will not alone criticize, but who will help to organize and give constructive advice. We term such a person, the sponsor. He may have jurisdiction over all student publications, or there may be a sponsor for each separate publication. He has a great many duties aside from censoring the written material. He must decide all matters of finance such as number of issues, size, make-up, subscription price, quality of paper, whether to have advertising matter or not, and the selling price. He must decide how to obtain student interest and co-operation in the writing and publication, and the broader question of policy, which makes for school "tone".

Sponsors may be from any department of the school if they have an interest in publications. Usually however, they are drawn from the English, printing, or commercial department. The senior class teacher may sponsor the annual. Supervision of student publications is often listed as one of the most important duties of the vice-principal.

When a student publication is to be printed in the school print shop, there are limitations upon size, make-up, and the time of printing. There is much to be said in favor of the printing instructor being the sponsor, as he alone knows the limitations of his department. He must not only do the printing, but read proof and often make corrections in grammar and composition. The printing department can maintain high standards only when the instructor has complete charge of all technical problems. School publications should be handled with the least inconvenience to the print shop, cutting costs and labor wherever possible, so that time will not be taken from class instruction and from official school printing.

Here is a plan to divide the relative responsibility among the departments.

III. SET-UP FOR SPONSORING SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

The principal delegates certain authority to committees.

A. School Publications Committee.

(1) Membership.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

(a) Vice principal—

- (1) Directly responsible to the principal.
- (2) Chairman of the committee.
- (3) Handles general administrative problems.
- (4) Responsible for all finances.
- (5) Sponsor for the annual as a project of the senior class.

(b) Printing instructor—

- (1) In charge of all printing problems.
- (2) Responsible for the quality of the printing.
- (3) Sponsor for the magazine as a print shop project.

(c) Journalism teacher

- (1) Selects and sponsors all written material.
- (2) Distributes material among the school publications.
- (3) Responsible for all proof reading and correcting.
- (4) Sponsor for the school paper as a project of the English department.

(2) Functions.

- (a) Decide financial and advertising policies.
- (b) Decide amount of student body control.
- (c) Decide eligibility of candidates for editors and staffs.

B. School Paper Committee.

(1) Membership.

- (a) Journalism teacher.
- (b) Printing instructor.
- (c) Editor of school paper.

(2) Functions.

- (a) Control matters of general policy.
- (b) Plan size of paper and makeup.
- (c) Decide number of issues to be published.

C. Business Committee.

(1) Membership.

- (a) Head of commercial department.
- (b) Printing instructor.
- (c) Vice-principal.

(2) Functions.

- (a) Plan a budget for each publication.
- (b) Plan Sales campaigns.
- (c) Decide on advertising policy.
- (d) Keep records of monies **spent** and received.

D. Art Committee.

(1) Membership.

- (a) Art teacher.
- (b) Three art editors.
- (c) Printing instructor.

(2) Function.

- (a) Decide type of art work needed.
- (b) Decide amount of art work and allot this to the different publications.

E. School Annual Committee.

(1) Membership.

- (a) Senior class president.
- (b) Vice principal.
- (c) Printing instructor.

(2) Function.

- (a) Decide all financial problems.
- (b) Plan makeup, size, style, cost, etc.

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FOOTBALLS AND POWDER PUFFS.

A Christmas play, by Anna Manley Galt. 4 men, 5 women. Plays about 30 minutes. Particularly suited to Girl Reserve and Hi-Y production. It is the story of a Christmas box. The boys and girls vote not to send a box this year. Later all are ashamed and each one sends a box of his own, so all ends well. Price, 15 cents. (No royalty.) Published by SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

SCHOOL ASSEMBLIES.

By EDWIN MILTON BELLES,
Assistant Professor Education, University of
Kansas.

XIII. NOVELTY MUSICAL PROGRAM.

The program as follows is built upon a full school orchestra seated in the orchestra pit or as near the stage as possible and six boys, musicians, on the stage as background and for interlocking features. The stage should be set to resemble a boy's room. Five boys of the school orchestra have dropped in to practice with Bill, the sixth boy of the interlocking group. Each boy has his instrument and the six are grouped informally about the room.

Bill—Drums.....Sitting on chair
Tom—Trombone.....Sitting on chair
Dick—Trumpet.....Sitting on daybed
Don—Saxophone.....Sitting on daybed
Charles—Violin.....Sitting on footstool
Harold—Violin.....Sitting on table

Before the curtain is raised and for a few moments following, the boys are busy tuning up and carrying on appropriate conversation. One of the boys sounds a few notes and then begins playing the theme from the popular song, "Say It Isn't So". The other boys object loudly and actively. One throws a pillow at the performer and Charles, who may play the part of the droll boy, says, "Even if that was good I wouldn't like it".

Amid the confusion, Don (saxophone) and Dick (trumpet) begin playing with exaggerated rhythm and discord the chorus from "Crazy Words—Crazy Tune" while one joins in by singing the words. Others of the group soon interrupt, "meow-ing" like cats, one leans against the wall as if overcome by the horribleness of the tune and slowly slides to the floor. Charles stretches and says, "I could stretch a mile". DON: "Why don't you stretch home then".

Harold begins picking out the introductory notes of "Amaryllis" and says, "Hey, you birds! Cut out the nonsense and listen to this. What is it?" Charles picks out a few notes, "What is it, boys?" The orchestra picks up the melody and plays very softly a few measures with the boys. All lose the melody. Apparently the boys are trying individually and collectively to find the melody. Harold takes the lead again. The school orchestra begins playing softly and all swing into the selection.

After applause without encore:

BILL: That wasn't so bad, was it, boys?

TOM: Oh, it wouldn't have been so bad but for Dick's sour notes on that busted trumpet of his.

DICK: What do you mean, "busted trumpet"? Better not let Miss A (using the name of one of the English teachers) hear you say "busted" or you'll have a busted "kenoba-scotch" (slang for head).

DON: Ah, Miss A don't know so much. I heard Miss B (using the name of another teacher) set her right the other day.

HAROLD: How's that?

DON: Well, they were walking down the street together and saw Miss C (using name of a teacher who wears a fur coat) coming. Miss A said, "Look at Miss C in her new furs, isn't she put-

ting on the dog?" —And Miss B said, "Dog nothin'! Don't you even know cat's fur when you see it?"

HAROLD (or any one of the other boys who can play a little on Dick's trumpet): "Aw! come on, cut out the razz. Say I know what's the matter with Dick's trumpet. You know he was serenading Marjorie last night." (Point can be given to this if the name of a particular girl friend of Dick's may be used.) "He was standing under her window playing oh, so beautifully and"—at this point Harold picks up Dick's trumpet, comes to the front of the stage and demonstrates with great exaggeration, lifting the trumpet as high in the air as possible while he plays, "Goodnight, Sweetheart". Immediately the orchestra picks up the melody emphasizing the swing by exaggerated rubato.

As soon as Harold begins playing, four boys slip from the wings, group themselves behind the trumpeter and sing:

GOODNIGHT, SWEETHEART.

Goodnight, sweetheart, till we meet tomorrow.

Goodnight, sweetheart, sleep will banish sorrow,
Tears and parting may make us forlorn,

But with the dawn a new day is born (so I'll say)

Goodnight, sweetheart, tho' I'm not beside you,

Goodnight, sweetheart, still my love will guide you,

Dreams enfold you, in each one I'll hold you;

Goodnight sweet

—accompanying the while with exaggerated expressions, such as linking arms, laying head on neighbor's shoulder, placing hand on heart, wiping away tears from neighbor's eyes and wringing out handkerchief. The song and music to stop abruptly in the middle of the closing line. Immediately Don says, "But it was her old man's window and he threw a pitcher of water on poor Dick and his sweet trumpet".

BILL: Did it hurt him?

CHARLES: Naw, it was soft water.

During the laughter the quartette fit into the grouping on the stage.

TOM: Come on Dick, don't let 'em kid you—let's do our stuff.

Dick and Tom proceed to the front of the stage and render "O Sole Mio", Di Capua, as an instrumental duet accompanied by the orchestra.

The program thus far has been given in detail in order to present its spirit and organization. The program in its entirety must be worked out of course according to the particular abilities of the individual students of the school. The following numbers are merely suggestive and each one selected should be interlocked through the efforts of the orchestra and the six boys on the stage. The whole should appear as a unit without formal introduction for individual numbers.

If the stage is sufficiently large to accommodate the group, it is recommended that those taking part in each number remain on the stage for the grand finale. This allows for greater variety in the interlocking conversation, stunts and laughter. It allows for new groupings, adds to the element of interest and simplifies stage arrangements for the grand finale. In order that the final ensemble may be a success, the coach should give considerable attention to the manner in which the individuals of each number become a part of the whole.

The following variety numbers are presented only by way of suggestion. The general tone of the program, the ease in interlocking, the ability of the individuals participating and the breadth of each one's repertoire and the time needed for preparation should guide in the choice and selection of each number used.

In the following list of suggested numbers, vocal solos and instrumental solos are omitted. In most cases such numbers would need to be selected from the repertoire of the soloists themselves. Many of the songs listed for girls' chorus or boys' chorus may be used effectively in a mixed chorus.

SUGGESTED NUMBERS.

Dance numbers:

Comic Costume Dance.....Appropriate Music
Feature Dance (toe dance or clogging or jig).....Appropriate Music

Egyptian Dance.....Appropriate Music
Dardanella or Other Appropriate Music (Six or more girls, orchestra accompaniment)
Scarf Dance.....Appropriate Music (Girl student, orchestra accompaniment)

Girls' chorus numbers:

Sylvia.....Speaks (Girls' chorus and orchestra)
Roses of Picardy.....Wood (Girls' chorus and orchestra)
Hark, Hark the Lark.....Schubert (Girls' chorus and orchestra)
Bells of the Sea.....Solman (Girls' chorus and orchestra)
When Irish Eyes are Smiling.....Olcott-Ball (Girls' chorus and orchestra)
Candle Lightin' Time.....Taylor-Spross (Girls' chorus and orchestra)
I Pass By Your Window.....Brahe (Girls' chorus and orchestra)
Pale Moon.....Logan (Girls' chorus and orchestra)

Boys' chorus numbers:

Garden of Happiness.....Wood (Boys' chorus and orchestra)
Toreador Song.....Bizet (Boys' chorus and orchestra)
Fallen Leaf.....Logan (Boys' chorus and orchestra)
Gypsy Love Song.....Victor Herbert (Boys' chorus and orchestra)
A Song of India.....Rinsky-Korsakow (Boys' chorus and orchestra)
Trees.....Rasbach (Boys' chorus and orchestra)
The Miller's Wooing.....Saning (Boys' chorus and orchestra)
Good Night, Beloved.....Pinsute (Boys' chorus and orchestra)

It must be remembered that the success of the whole program depends upon the ability of those charged with the responsibility of interlocking the numbers in a clever and humorous manner. The tone of the whole program must be kept light and airy while sweetness, beauty and individuality must characterize the individual numbers.

The grand finale is important and should be worked out in such manner as to bring the whole stage group into action.

XIV. PROGRAM FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE.

Music (as assembly is seated).....Orchestra
School Songs.....School and Orchestra
Song: We of the Science Department

Students in Science

(Orchestra accompaniment)

(Words written by a student for the occasion—music from one of the school songs.)

Master of Ceremonies.....Student Chairman

It is suggested that a chemist's table be set right front of the stage. The table should have a row of large bottles of different colored liquids and a huge mortar and pestle. The master of ceremonies should wear a chemist's white coat. The different numbers on the program, as he announces them, may seem to be the result of his alchemy.

The Dawn of Science.....A Student
Demonstration of Chemical Changes

Several Students

(Students explaining demonstration as it proceeds.)

Discovery and Unusual Uses of Unusual Metals

A Student

Conversation.....Three Students

(Concerning "Obsidian Cliff" in Yellowstone National Park or the story of fool's gold.)

Demonstration in Electricity.....Several Students

The Physics of My Car.....A Student

Demonstration in Sound.....Several Students (Musical instruments)

Plants and Moisture.....A Student

Detecting the Edible Mushroom.....Boy Scouts

Stranger Than Fiction.....Two Students (Unusual animals and unusual animal characteristics.)

Looking into the Future....Master of Ceremonies

XV. CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

THE TOY-MAKER'S DREAM.

An adaptation from the words and music, "The Toy-Maker's Dream"

By Ernie Golden.

The Toy-Maker's Dream as outlined in the following paragraphs has the advantage of extreme elasticity. It may be staged very simply or expanded into an elaborate production. In time, it may consume anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour.

For the purposes of this program, the school orchestra will need the following numbers:

"Parade of the Wooden Soldiers"

(La Chauve Souris) Jessel

"Doll Dance".....Brown

"The Toy-Maker's Dream".....Ernie Golden

"Jingle Bells".....Anonymous

The Toy-Maker's Dream is to be used as the theme song for the whole program.

The stage is to be set as a toy-maker's work shop—a work bench at one side with the toy-maker dozing in his chair. Toys of all sorts in various stages of completion should pile the work bench. Airplanes and dirigibles should be suspended from the ceiling by invisible wires while the walls should be literally covered with toys and Christmas decorations. Large toys may be strewn about the floor leaving room, of course, for the characters and for the necessary action.

The following list of characters may be short-

ened or lengthened depending upon the time element and the stage accommodations. Likewise, the costumes may be simple or elaborate but always in keeping with the toy represented.

Many of the characters as the Box of Wooden Soldiers, Jack-in-a-Box, Big Bass Drum and Toy Alarm Clock must be on the stage while others may come in from the wings for their numbers and for the review.

Characters

The Bugler Boy,	Santa Claus (with pack
Fife,	of toys on his back)
Big Bass Drum,	Box of Wooden Soldiers
Lions,	(six or more of the
Camels,	smallest boys in
Elephants,	school),
Big Rooster,	Dolls (smallest girls in
Old Mother Hubbard,	school),
Old Mother Hubbard's	Colored Mammy Doll,
Poor Dog,	Jack-in-a-Box,
	Toy Alarm Clock.

The program may open with the orchestra playing from the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers". It immediately swings into the theme song to accompany the soloist who steps in front of the curtain and sings the following version of the theme song in its entirety, retiring from the stage as the orchestra plays the concluding strains.

THE TOY MAKER'S DREAM

(Version as taken from Victor Record Number 21975-B)

After the curtain is raised the soloist sings off stage to orchestra accompaniment.

A jolly little workman was making toys all day,
So children could be happy when they were
all at play;

One night when all was quiet, his daily work was
done,

In the shadows deep he fell fast asleep,
As the toys woke one by one.

Tho' it's just in dreams still to him it seems

That his toys have come to life,
There's a Bugler Boy blowing notes of joy.

The last line, "There's a Bugler Boy blowing notes of joy", being the cue to the boy taking the part of the "Bugler boy". From this point on the characters and action follow the order suggested by the theme song with plenty of elaboration while the orchestra supplies music suited to the action. By way of illustration, as Santa Claus enters, the orchestra modulates into "Jingle Bells". Santa Claus skips about merrily examining different toys, throwing cellophane sacks of candy hearts into the audience as he retires while the orchestra modulates into the music suitable for the next character.

The march of the Wooden Soldiers is very clever and may be as elaborate as desired. For this number the orchestra should swing into the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers". As the music proceeds the Soldiers in the Box, always in unison, open their eyes, nod their heads and with jerky movements proceed to move their arms and to march from their box and about the stage in various formations. They retreat to their respective places in the box with the concluding strains of the orchestra.

The dance of the dolls, of course, will be executed to the strains of the "Doll Dance".

The Grand Review is the big feature of the pro-

gram and requires the melody of the theme song. The Grand Review is brought to a conclusion by the Toy Alarm Clock taking the center of the stage and letting out "an awful scream". Immediately the music is softened and all the toys scurry to their respective places, the toy-maker stretches, yawns and sits upright with the curtain falling.

The Grand Review may be repeated by way of encore.

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS FOR THE ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE.

Another program may be needed to fill out the calendar weeks. The following suggestions are presented for the benefit of the Assembly Committee:

John Greenleaf Whittier Day—December 17th.

Planning for A New Year.

Hobby Day.

December Sports Day.

Pantomime—December in different parts of our country.

Boosters' Day.

Extra Numbers at Half Price.

New subscribers to SCHOOL ACTIVITIES will be interested to know that, besides complete files of back numbers at \$1.25 per volume, several hundred assorted back numbers are available at ten—no two alike—for a dollar, cash with order.

One Dollar School Service

One Dollar Debate Service

(Covering a complete service for the tangible property tax question which is so extensively debated this year in schools.)

Group 1.—Complete debate, two affirmative, two negative speeches. Price \$1.00.

Group 2.—A set of rebuttal material for both negatives and affirmative, to cover about 30 minutes, and strategy suggestions. Price \$1.00.

Group 3.—Etiquette and conduct of debate. Helpful suggestions in the conduct of the debate. Price \$1.00.

Group 4.—Big Frog vs. Little Frog.

Group 5.—Resolved: Debating Should Be Abolished by Law.

Groups 4 and 5 are humorous.

One Dollar Superintendent's Service

We specialize in talks to meet the needs of high school superintendents. Talks for assembly, P. T. A. banquets, special days, commencement, etc.

County Superintendents

We offer a special group of four talks to county superintendents, all for one dollar.

WRITE US YOUR NEEDS

FORENSIC SERVICE

Box 55

MARYVILLE, MISSOURI

THE NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE SUBJECT.

A NEGATIVE CASE.

By HAROLD E. GIBSON.

Resolved: That at least one-half of all revenue for state and local purposes should be derived from sources other than tangible property.

The present chaotic conditions of delinquent taxes, intentional failures to pay taxes, and great discrepancies in property valuation might cause the beginning debater to hurriedly believe that the affirmative enter the debate with a distinct advantage. This year's debate subject is not a one-sided affair that will allow either side to have victory conceded. In most cases this subject should produce a very hotly contested debate.

The affirmative enter the debate with their stand on the question given to them. The subject itself defines the stand of the affirmative, and they have no other alternative than to defend this stand. For this reason the negative enter the debate with a technical advantage. By the term technical advantage in debate we mean that the negative are in a position where they can make the most effective use of debate strategy, and have the most possible methods of attack at their disposal. They have this advantage because of the great number of alternatives as to methods of attack open to the negative team. They also know that the affirmative has only one method of attack. When they know the only method of attack open to the affirmative they should be able to prepare some deadly refutation for the affirmative case.

The exceptionally strong points of the negative case are: They know in advance the proposals of the affirmative. That is, that at least 50% of all revenue for state and local taxes must come from intangible property. Any other stand by the affirmative is beside the question. If they study a little more they will learn that the affirmative can only propose the sales tax and the income tax to raise this 50%. Of course, the affirmative will propose such taxes as the poll tax, inheritance tax, automobile tax, and a tax of official documents, but the revenue to be derived from these sources will be so small and of such a fluctuating character, that they must be disregarded as a method of raising half of our tax bur-

den. It is a point of great strength to the negative that their opponents can only propose and defend the two above mentioned stands. If they propose the weaker types of intangible taxes they are trying to make the negative argue on the minor points.

The negative should be able to refute the advisability of securing 50% of our tax money from sales tax and from income taxes. If they are ready to do this they will be able to meet and defeat the affirmative from the first time the negative start to speak to the end of the debate. The only thing the negative does not know about the affirmative case is the percentage of taxes which will be raised by the sales and income tax. This should not make a great deal of difference and certainly should not weaken the negative attack.

The measure of great strength for the negative is the versatility with which they may present their case. This is advantageous first because, if properly used, it will make the refutation of the affirmative practically impossible. At least seven distinct stands can be taken by the negative, each of which could be defended successfully enough to win the debate. This will make it essential that the affirmative be ready to attack each of these stands. The seven stands in order of their probable value are:

(1) Present taxing system should be retained, but we must make drastic changes in tax districts, tax rates, and property valuations.

(2) Admit that sales tax and income tax are all right, but that it will be impossible to raise 50% of our revenue in this manner.

(3) Present system is satisfactory if we make some minor changes.

(4) Affirmative plan will solve the state taxation problem, but will not help the local tax problem.

(5) Admit that one of the proposals of the affirmative is sound, but that the second is unsound.

(6) Propose that all taxes should come from tangible property tax.

(7) Present conditions of taxation are satisfactory.

OUTLINE OF FIRST SPEECH.

(Note: These speeches use the first two negative alternatives mentioned above.)

I. Introduction.

A. Define terms of the question as un-

derstood by the negative. If they do not agree with the definition of terms given by the affirmative show the difference.

B. Issues of the debate:

1. The property tax is sound and just.
2. The newer forms of taxation are not practical for raising 50% of our taxes.
3. There are better solutions to the problem than the intangible property tax.

II. Taxation conditions of the present time are not due to property tax.

- A. Business depression, excessive public demands on the government and poor judgment in our legislatures have caused the break in the system.

III. The present system of taxation is sound.

- A. Tangible property is an index to ability to pay.
- B. Intangible wealth fluctuates so greatly from year to year, that no definite fiscal policy could be maintained by our governments.

OUTLINE OF SECOND SPEECH.

I. The plan of the affirmative is impractical.

- A. It will cause our state and local governments to rely on a varying source of income during years of depression.

1. During a depression the income tax falls off over 50% while the cost of governments remains constant.
2. In the states now relying on the income tax only 5% of their tax is derived from this source.
3. The income tax is unfair.

B. The sales tax is undesirable.

1. Very expensive to collect.
2. Decreases consumption of goods thus harming our merchants.
3. Used so extensively now by our national government that it would be impossible to raise 50% of our local taxes by this method.

OUTLINE OF THIRD SPEECH.

I. Negative will offer a solution which is superior to that of the affirmative.

- A. The tangible property tax must be improved.

1. Quarterly or semi-annual payment of taxes is a needed reform.
2. We should have large taxing areas rather than the township or county as we have today.

B. Taxes must be greatly reduced.

1. State and local governments are wasting much money for political purposes.

II. Summary of negative case.

- A. Restate the issues of the negative.
- B. Show what each negative speaker has done.
- C. Show where the negative have refuted the affirmative case.
- D. Take the major affirmative arguments one by one and show how the negative have met and defeated them.
- E. List and compare the authorities of both sides pointing out the advantage the negative has in this use of good authority.

EFFECTIVE DEVICES OF STRATEGY AND HOW TO USE THEM.

Use of Questions.

If a question is worth asking in a debate it should be restated as many times as necessary to make the opposition answer it. If it is not worth reasking until properly answered do not waste the time to ask it in the first place.

1. How can the holdings of stocks and bonds be determined for taxation purposes?

2. Will the plan of the affirmative relieve our present evil of over taxation?

3. Has the plan of the affirmative been tried in enough places to warrant its adoption now?

4. In taxing bonds how will the affirmative avoid double taxation of these securities?

Dilemmas.

1. Ask the affirmative if the sales tax and the income tax will be used to raise half of the revenue in the community or small town where there are no incomes large enough to be taxed and very few sales places to pay a sales tax.

IF THEY SAY YES: It will make it impossible to raise the needed revenue to run the schools and governmental functions of such a community as there will only be the doctor, banker and a relatively few merchants who have incomes high enough to tax. If a sales tax is placed upon the merchants to make up the deficiency in income taxes the merchants of the town will have to charge excessive prices. This will have two results. One will be to make the poor people pay the tax in the form of higher prices, and the other will be that the people will trade outside of the community to save the tax. Either one of these alternatives would be disastrous.

IF THEY ANSWER NO: They admit that in thousands of small communities their plan will not work. Why should we adopt a plan which the affirmative themselves admit will fail in a large percentage of the communities in which it will be tried.

Slogans to be used by the negative.

(1) The intangible tax is an impossible tax.

(2) The income tax is an unfair tax.

(3) Waste in government and not a poor taxation system have caused our present taxation problems.

Demand all essential features of the affirmative plan.

In this debate the affirmative have the colossal task of proposing and upholding an entire new system of taxation. Of course, the methods which they propose are not new, but the great percentage of the tax which they propose to have raised in this manner has no precedent. It will then be the part of strategy for the negative to ask for and demand all essential parts of the affirmative plan. Some of the things that the negative should demand are: How will these taxes be collected? What will be the cost of administration? Do we have enough data to take over this new system immediately? What will be the result of this system in the next depression? and are there precedents large enough to warrant the change? The affirmative will probably argue that they are only high school debaters and cannot answer these technical points. They will say that they are arguing broad general principles and will leave the details to tax experts. If they take this stand they have weakened their arguments and have practically admitted that they can find no tax expert at the present time that will agree with their statements.

Wasting the opponent's time.

The negative can waste the affirmative's time by asking them to show that the poll tax, inheritance tax and tax on legal papers are intangible taxes. Of course they are, but the affirmative will probably spend a lot of time proving this fact. After they have wasted their time the whole weight of the argument will be lost if the negative will state that these taxes really make no material difference as they compose such a small percentage of our total tax.

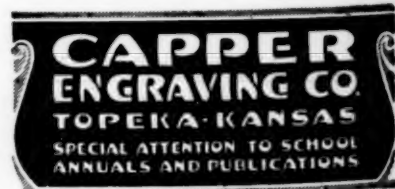
Finding the opponent's weakness.

The weakness of the affirmative in this debate is two-fold. The first weakness is that they must propose something entirely new in its field which has not had sufficient trial on a large scale either in this country or in any foreign country. The second weakness is that not only are they proposing something new, but are proposing that at least half of our taxes should be raised by this untried method. This seems to be too high a percentage of taxes to be trusted to such a speculative system of collection.

The affirmative will try to protect this weakness by showing where this system has been tried and worked. The examples which they will be able to show will for the most part be isolated in small states or communities where the taxation problems are not the same as in a large state. Also in all but a few rare exceptions these examples will not be raising anywhere near the 50% mark as stipulated in this question.

The negative will do well to hit this lack of experience favoring the affirmative system and keep asking why should we risk a trial on this untried method when we can effectively repair our present taxation system which has stood the test of time?

DESIGNS and ENGRAVINGS
DEPENDABLE SERVICE



**YOUR STORY IN PICTURE
LEAVES NOTHING UNTOLD**

SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS.

OLIVER ARATA

It is necessary to exercise the muscles to keep perfectly well, and man has, since early time, made sports his exercise, since the contest element adds to the pleasure and reduces the drudgery of purely routine exercises. As man becomes more sedentary, he becomes more athletic.

Romans had their thrilling chariot races, witnessed by as many as 50,000 persons at a time. Plenty of danger attended the races, too, as chariots often piled up together, owing to a broken axle or a shattered wheel. Heartless pagans, however, were excited by this pastime, and amused.

Gladiators, too, were a source of great pride to the Romans, who gambled upon favorites and sometimes lost whole fortunes upon the outcome of one gladiatorial contest.

From the Greeks come the Olympic games; they were lovers of all clean athletics, and virtually originated field and track meets. They ran the marathon, threw the discus, put the shot, and practiced short and long distance foot racing. They did not use the brutal sports of the Romans.

Ancient Egyptians enjoyed strange, weird, interpretative dancing to Isis and the moon. It was exhilarating sport for the dancer. Spartans were stoical and courageous. Everyone knows the legend of the youth of Sparta who caught a silver fox, very rare then as now, and placed it under his tunic. He took the fox to school with him and permitted Sir Fox to eat away his very vitals without allowing anyone to know. A brave heroic son of Sparta! Fine. The trouble was the brave youth did not live to receive his just and well-earned dues.

The benefit to spectators was doubtful. At times their dances and dancers were immoral.

We have read in history of Ulysses, the brave wanderer. He was the first archer or marksman with a bow and arrow in all ancient and modern history. It is said the bow he used could be utilized only by Ulysses. Though Ulysses was only a character of mythology, it shows that the people of his time used bows and arrows as pastime and exercise.

SPORTS OF MODERN NATIONS.

We have many forms of athletics that resemble, to a marked degree, the pastimes of the ancients, especially those of the

Greeks. An excellent example is the discus; also foot races of all descriptions. Many forms of horse racing can be traced to the chariot races of the Rome of the Caesars. The young girls of ancient Greece were expert at ball throwing and ball catching. They played ball incessantly and were considered beautiful and strong, the latter fact being attributed to the exercises they took in the open air.

The most cruel sport of modern times is the Spanish bull fight. It is practiced in Spain and in Mexico, a Spanish speaking country, inhabited by a nation of people part Spanish.

It is the exact replica of the old Roman bull fights when Christian maidens were strapped to bulls, and the mad animals were goaded and treated unmercifully with spears, swords, lances, fire and the like, until they would fall upon the arena, either dead or exhausted. The tortured, wounded, often half dead girls would fall with the bull to amuse the unhealthy tastes of the malicious Romans.

The modern bull fight is a disgrace to a Christian nation. Why such a God-worshipping nation as Spain allows bull fights I cannot understand as very often the toradors and matadors are killed outright, numerous horses are killed and bulls are tortured. For what? To amuse the heathen, ancient lust for blood.

Another unmanly sport is the cock fight, common in Mexico. Of course, no lives are lost in the cock fights; still it is a form of barbarism from their forefathers. It is also used as a means to gamble; large sums of money are frequently lost on the game birds used in the cock fights. It is exciting though if you care for savage pastime.

A DEXTEROUS SPORT.

A sport and pastime that requires a world of practice yet seems very simple to the spectator, is the science of the boomerang throwing. The throwing of the boomerang is as much a national sport in far-off Australia as lassoing was among cowboys of the last two decades. To be able to throw a boomerang accurately, so it will go back in a circle to the sender, is a difficult feat. The natives of Australia can make the boomerang do various stunts. Among the bushmen it is quite popular and common, dating from past centuries, as the medieval tribes of ancient Australia practiced the art and science.

THE ORIENTAL SPORTS.

The Orient has various nations, all having some form of pastime. The Japanese have their national pastime in such a sport as Japanese fencing, similar to French fencing. They also use jiu-jitsu, a form of wrestling, with many strange unbreakable holds in its art.

The Chinese are great jugglers.

Russians have taken folk dancing as a favorite pastime. It is practiced by the peasants of Russia, who hold meetings and festivals weekly, and there they have their beloved folk dances. Their favorite dances are typical of Russia, with an art embodied in them. Some of the best composers of music of Russia have written their music around the dances of the Slav people.

THE MODERN SAVAGES.

The Indians of North America are primitive. There are about 300,000 of the Red Men still living in America. Two-thirds are Christians. Of course, they now play the games of the white men, such as baseball, football, etc. In fact, two of the Indian universities have excellent football teams, as Carlisle and Haskell colleges.

But the favorite sport of the old Indians and the modern Indians, to a degree, is archery. Their bows and arrows are their pride and ancient means of livelihood. The great chiefs of the famous, extinct tribes of the American Indian were selected for their ability to hunt and to shoot arrows accurately.

Horsemanship was a great sport and pastime with them. Being nomads by nature they roamed the plains of North America, learning well how to ride the plains pony.

Eskimos, who resemble the American Indians to a remarkable degree, were and still are fond of canoeing, and walrus hunting. They are adept with their spears, with which they capture sea lions, walruses and seals.

Baseball has penetrated even to the land of the Eskimo.

MODERN SPORTS.

The national sport of Scotland is the good old game of golf which was played centuries ago by natives of England and Scotland, but differently than the present day golf, as they need a larger stick or club with which to drive the ball.

However, golf has spread over the entire world, until today it is a most popular pastime.

In England it is a throw-up among English rugby and golf and cricket, as to the best and most popular pastime. As high as 50,000 persons attend an English rugby game.

The Irish people like their game of soccer football, at which they are ardent fans and expert players. The game of soccer is a form of the English rugby. In soccer a player is not allowed to touch the pigskin with his arms below the elbows, but in rugby one can carry the leather pigskin.

What is the national game of France? I should say that lawn tennis is the national game, with fencing also popular. Still the French and Spanish are not an athletically inclined race as are the Americans and English.

The Italians have no exercise of any description, except a game that resembles bowling, played outdoors with round balls. The one who can knock the competitor's ball closest to the board at the end of the alley of grass is the victor. It is played amid the picturesque, heavily laden vineyards of Italy.

Lacrosse is the national game of Canada, while during the winter months hockey is very popular. The game of lacrosse, a form of English cricket, requires skill. Lacrosse is truly a cross between ice hockey and soccer. The wickets used are broad and scoop-like at the ends, instead of being narrow and L-shaped as are ice hockey sticks.

THE TEUTONIC SPORTS.

In Germany the favorite sport is horse racing, which is still in full swing, alternated by bowling during the winter months. However, bowling is really a Dutch game originated in Holland. The original Dutch settlers in New York state were inveterate bowlers and bowled incessantly upon the green grass of New York state. They did not use a wood alley, but bowled upon the velvety carpet furnished by Mother Earth.

Austria is a mixed nation composed of Slavs, Hungarians, and pure blooded Austrians, and even Latins. Therefore they have no national game. Every nation brings its own games and characteristic pleasures from the native land.

VARIOUS SPORTS.

Turkey has no form of athletics worthy of the name. The Moslems have kept themselves apart from their white brethren.

ren of the countries surrounding them. There are some proficient wrestlers.

Greece still clings to the athletic games, such as running, jumping, etc. Only recently an Olympic tournament was held in modern Greece and was attended by vast throngs of sons of Greece. The Greeks are fine track athletes and make powerful wrestlers.

Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Poland still cling to their folk dances as national sports and pastimes. The Poles and some of the other two nations also are of Slavic extraction and therefore like their folk dances.

In Sweden and Norway it is distance running and walking that hold the wreath.

Denmark's sons and daughters are also vitally interested in gymnastics and the like. In spirit of play they are practically the same as the Swedes and natives of Norway. At one of our last Olympics the women and men of Norway surprised the world by their wonderful dexterity in gymnastics and caesthetics. They easily won first, second and third prizes in all such events.

The Finns, sons of Finland, are also excellent gymnasts.

In Finland the natives also have numerous dog races, and are expert hunters of the moose in his native haunts.

Another nation similar to Finland, inasmuch as they have dog races as a pastime, is Newfoundland. In fact, the natives of Newfoundland are so fond of dogs they have the image of Mr. Brunn printed on their stamps. Skiing, skating, and all winter sports are popular in season.

In Persia it is music and tapestry weaving that occupy the people. The Persians, like the Chinese, have not changed very much in the past three thousand years. At one time Persia was most influential, and the wealthiest nation in the world, but that period was before the time of Christ, by many centuries.

Do you like mountain climbing? If you do then go to Switzerland, the country of beauty. Can you guess the pastimes and sports of Switzerland? They are skiing, mountain climbing and skating. It is fashionable to spend a winter in St. Moritz, Switzerland.

SOUTH AMERICA.

As the natives of South America are mostly Latins they have not adopted any

strenuous sport like football or baseball, although they play occasionally.

In South America bull fighting is popular. The cock fight is also seen, but not so much as in Mexico. In some parts, where Americans have settled, baseball is played, but they never play football or soccer, as the climate is always too warm for such games.

In the Philippine Islands it is baseball, and only baseball that is popular.

The Americans brought it there and it has stuck ever since. I can say that it is played as much, if not more, than in the United States, considering the population of the two countries. The Island is baseball mad. They have numerous cock fights. The natives of the Philippines have many spirited matches with the visiting Japanese and Chinese teams of baseball which visit the Islands.

In the Hawaiian Islands, baseball is well liked, but surf riding and swimming are also very popular. The natives of Hawaii are fine swimmers and are taught to swim when they are mere children of six.

THE HOME OF SPORT.

At last we come to the very home and cradle of sports in all their branches and divisions. A democratic nation we are, whose very ground harbors two score nationalities and more. From such a melting pot one can expect that soccer, baseball, truly an American game, rugby, golf, tennis, etc., will thrive and prosper. Even lacrosse and cricket are played in this good United States of America.

I noticed the other day that Babe Ruth, the home run king and hero of many conflicts with New York of the American League, had signed a contract which called for something like \$75,000. Just think of it! He receives more than the President of the United States, as the contract calls for only six months of the year. He can make as much or more during the balance of the year in vaudeville or as a star salesman.

I admit the salary of Ruth is exceptional and merited owing to his remarkable drawing power at the gates. Still, such men as Ty Cobb, John McGraw, etc., are receiving salaries of \$15,000 a year and more for six months work.

Another example is college rugby, although the players are only amateurs and do not receive any remuneration except expenses. The Yale Bowl seats about 50,-

000 persons. Other eastern universities have fine, large stadiums.

At a recent amateur golf tournament held in St. Louis, Mo., about 6,000 people followed the finalists around the course. Think of it!

The St. Louis golf links issued over 10,000 permits for 1921 so that residents of the city could play golf upon the free, public links.

Even tennis, considered an effeminate sport ten or fifteen years ago, is now very popular and such stars as McLoughlin, Mrs. Mallory, etc., are acclaimed heroes by the American newspapers. Their pictures often appear upon front pages.

Bowling has taken a firm hold, as the national bowling tournament, held yearly, attracts nation-wide attention. Of course, bowling is played indoors, and thus does not express the out-of-door spirit of the American public.

People are beginning to realize the necessity and benefit of exercise, especially when they have to work continually indoors.

ZENOBIA'S STRATEGY.

A Short Christmas Play
By ANNA MANLEY GALT

Characters.

MRS. SHAILER—the mother, who loves to have all the children come home for the holidays.

MR. SHAILER—the Dad, not so spry as formerly, but a big-hearted sort always.

ZENOBIA—the Shailer's old faithful servant, who has been in the home for thirty-seven years, and really bosses everybody.

ALLISON—the farmer friend of long standing.

HARRIET—the Shailer's oldest and most successful daughter.

HAROLD—their attorney son.

JAMIE and JANET—the twins, away at college.

BOB MERRELL—Harriet's friend.

EVACHRISTINE—Jamie's latest crush.

Scene 1 and Scene 2 both take place in the big Shailer kitchen with a lapse of 24 hours between them.

This kitchen is furnished with cupboards galore; a spacious dining-table with a pretty colored cloth; a long work-table covered with neat oilcloth. Typical kitchen furnishings may be seen—stove if possible, kitchen chairs, a pot of geraniums, etc., crocks, pots and pans enough to prevent bareness. If there can be a casement window opening in or out, so much the better.

As the curtain rises, Mrs. Shailer is seen standing on a short stool, reaching down jelly and pickles and preserves from the cupboard top shelf. Zenobia is making cookies at the work-table, and continues her operations as she talks.

MRS. S. (*looking critically at a jar of preserves which bears a Christmas seal*)—Here is the plum conserve, Harriet's favorite kind. Zenobia, remember how hot it was the day we made this!

ZENOBIA—Yes, ma'm, indeed I do. (*She doesn't look up from her work.*)

MRS. S. (*taking down another jar—also with a Christmas sticker*)—And this is gooseberry jam for Harold.

ZENOBIA (*with a grunt*)—I remember stemmin' and tailin' them, too!

MRS. S. (*holding two jars, one in either hand, critically*)—It's hard to decide for Jamie and Janet. They're just at the hungry age, where they have ten favorite kinds! But I guess it will be pear honey for her, and crabapple jelly for Jamie. That's the way I marked them, anyway—and it was an economical idea of yours to save the old Christmas stickers to mark these best glasses with.

ZENOBIA—They'll just stuff themselves sick, with all you have for Christmas dinner. You could feed four extra, easy!

MRS. S. (*climbing down carefully, and wiping the jars with a clean cloth daintily*)—Well, Zenobia, you know it is just one of my hobbies, having the family all home for that celebration, and I want them to have just their favorite dishes.

(*Enter Mr. Shailer, with the mail. He unwinds a muffler and slips out of his coat as he looks at the postmarks.*)

MR. S.—Harriet, Harold and Janet—letter from each of them. Funny they'd write when they're coming tonight. Guess they're just awfully anxious to get here.

MRS. S.—Zenobia, you start in on the mince pies, and I'll pare a few apples and make a little sauce for breakfast, while Charles reads me the children's letters. It is nearly ten o'clock, and train time will come before we know it. (*She gets apples from a big basket, and settles down with a knife, a crock, and a stew pan.*)

MR. S.—Here's Janet's letter on top. (*Opens.*) Dear Dad and Mom: I'm awfully sorry to miss Christmas at home—just awfully sorry; but you see our sorority is having a reunion at Port Allard tomorrow morning, and I'll just about have to go. I'll catch the night train, and get home early Tuesday. Sending a package special delivery to you two old dears, and gobs and gobs of love. Yours, Janet. P.S.—Jamie wants me to tell you, as he's taking a quiz, just now, that he won't be home

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still Wednesday. His little junior flame, Evachristine, is staging a house party over Christmas, and Jamie is going up there. Said to tell Dad he had saved the money out of his allowance, and wouldn't need any extra. Both of us send oceans of love, and are terribly sorry. Devotedly, your child.

(As he reads, Mrs. S. drops her knife, and sits holding an apple half-pared, in the blankest amazement. They stare uncomprehendingly at each other.)

ZENOBIA (bursts out)—Selfish little youngsters!

MRS. S.—Zenobia!

MR. S.—Well, kids like to be with kids, I guess. (Sadly.) Let's see what Harold says. (Reads.) Dear Home Folks: A lawyer's life is full of drama, they say, and this time it's tragedy a-plenty! I just can't come home Christmas, much as I want to. Jack Blenheim, one of the "big shots" in the corporation for whom I'm attorney, is to arrive Christmas night from the coast, and I've got to be here for an early meeting next day. Here's a little check for you two—the best parents a bunch of kids ever had. Don't miss me too much; you'll have the twins for youth and Harriet for maturity. Lovingly, your son, Harold.

MRS. S.—I just can't believe it (helplessly). But Harriet will come. Open her letter, Father—no, I will. (She sets up her crock on the table, slits open the envelope, reads to herself, and with a despairing gesture, hands the letter to Mr. S., and leaves the room.)

MR. S. (slowly watches her go, then reads the page. He gets out a big handkerchief and blows his nose ostentatiously.) Well, that does beat everything. Not a chick nor a child!

ZENOBIA—I've got my opinion of some people!

(Past the window comes the farmer, Allison, whistling, and bundled for cold weather. He does not knock, but opens the door, and sticks his smiling face inside.)

ALLISON—Well, here's the Christmas turkey—a beautiful twelve-pound turkey hen, and tender as you please. Want it inside, Zenobia? (Mr. S. and Zenobia exchange startled glances. Just then Mrs. S. enters. She stops short as she sees Allison. He may either have a dressed turkey, or supposedly leave it outside.)

ALLISON—It's fine Christmas weather, Mrs. Shailer, and a fine day for the big dinner. When do the children get in—on the local?

MRS. S.—That was their plan. (Unsteadily.) I guess we won't lack for folks to eat up your turkey, and the goose Solomon brought. Hope you have a merry time out at your house, Allison. Here's a jar of preserved figs to give your family a change.

ALLISON—You're a blessing to the whole county, Mrs. Shailer. I just hope those kids of yours know what a fine set of parents they've got. (Exit, as Zenobia grunts and grumbles to herself.)

MRS. S. (looking at the jars of preserves and jelly, as her shoulders droop)—Zenobia, bundle up, and take these down to the poor barrel at the church. (With sudden resolution.) No, I'll have a dinner here, just the same. I won't be cheated out of that, on Christmas.

MR. S.—Mother, who'll you have to eat it?

MRS. S. (losing her courage)—Goodness only knows.

ZENOBIA—Ma'm, if you'll let me, I'd like to invite a family of four that I know needs your dinner and your friendliness. You'd not be ashamed to have them—they'll be clean, all right, and you'll never see folks eat heartier.

MRS. S. (hesitating a little)—You think I'll like them?

MR. S.—What's the difference, Sarah, if they like us, and have a good hot dinner on Christmas day?

MRS. S.—Well—very well, Zenobia. You may go put on your wraps and invite them, while I go ahead with this molded salad. (Zenobia exits.) You know, I really do believe it must have been important business that would hold Harriet away from home on Christmas day. But here (wiping eyes) I can't be salting this salad with tears. Charles, would you bring up some tomato juice from the cave? We'll make it a merry Christmas yet. I just couldn't refuse Zenobia. She never has asked for any company in thirty-seven years—bless her bossy old heart; and I'll get out all the best dishes and linens and silver for her sake.

MR. S.—Now, Sarah, that sounds like your real self. You've never had a hard trial yet but you came out on top! Now

for that tomato juice! (He pats her shoulder and starts away, humming.)

MRS. S. (After he is gone, takes the letters, tears them up into bits, and just before she drops them all into the waste basket, she kisses the scraps impetuously. Quick curtain.)

SCENE 2.

Curtain rises on a busy scene. Zenobia is excited, and keeps wiping her face on her fancy white apron. Mrs. S. is sad, but keeps her hands busy.

MRS. S.—I put on six extra places, as you suggested, Zenobia, for these friends of yours might bring along company, you thought.

ZENOBIA—Yes, ma'm; you never know when an extra relative might bob up, and it's just as well to be ready. Don't you think I'd better start the coffee? It's past noon; I heard the plug whistling in just a few minutes ago.

MRS. S.—Where's Mr. Shailer?

ZENOBIA (pretending innocence)—Ain't he around?

MRS. S.—Must have walked to the village for the papers. No use to look for letters today! We've apparently got the busiest set of children in the country! (A little cynically.)

(Stamping and tramping outside, and voices. Door flies open, and in come Mr. Shailer, Harriet, Harold, and the twins, and all fly to give Mrs. Shailer big hugs and kisses.)

MRS. S.—You dears! How did you do it? But that doesn't matter now. Zenobia, put on some extra places. Father, will you pour the water, please? You see, children, Zenobia has a dinner party on hand, with a bunch of hungry guests. She didn't tell me the family's name, but they are hungry, she assured me of that!

ZENOBIA—Mrs. Shailer, these are part of my guests. There are a couple more out-

side. (Mr. S. opens the door, and in comes Bob Merrell.)

HARRIET (presenting him)—Mother and all of you, this is Bob Merrell. We were going to be married this morning and come home to surprise you all; but Zenobia's telegram changed our plans. So we're waiting until five this afternoon! (All make pleasant comments, not stilted.)

JAMIE—Dad, bring in Evachristine. She'll die with the cold out there. Family meet the girl friend. We're not being married at five today. But if the depression ever lets up, and—

JANET—And Jamie doesn't get a new girl—

EVACHRISTINE—And I don't find a more constant boy friend—

HAROLD—That could go on far into the night. What I want to know is, Zenobia, how can you say (patting his mother's shoulder lovingly) that this pretty young-looking woman is so sick that we all have to move heaven and earth to get home? Have you no conscience?

ZENOBIA—Get those wraps off, and clear out of this kitchen, so we can get this Christmas dinner served. She would have been plenty sick if she had tried to eat this whole meal by herself!

MRS. SHAILER—I have gooseberry jam for Harold—

HAROLD—That beats corporation conferences!

JAMIE—Do I get crabapple jelly?

JANET—And here's my pear honey!

MR. SHAILER—I believe this plum conserve is for Harriet.

HARRIET (happily)—Mother's plum conserve, Father's fireside, Zenobia's strategy, and Bob, here, make this an absolutely Merry Christmas!

(Quick curtain)

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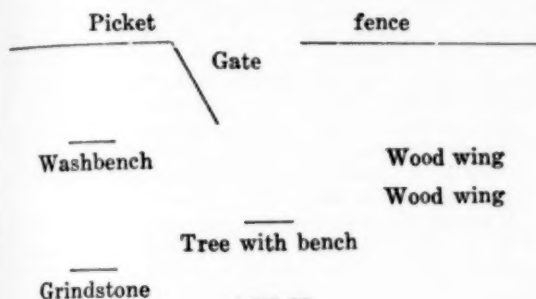
BACK TO THE FARM.

A Play in Three Acts
By MERLINE H. SHUMWAY

PLAN OF STAGE

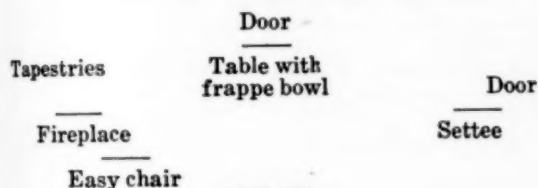
ACT I

Landscape drop



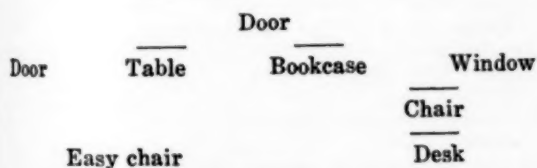
ACT II

Landscape drop



ACT III

Landscape drop



CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHARLES MERILL, a farmer of the old school
MERTON MERILL, his son
MRS. MERILL, the farmer's thrifty wife
ROSE MEADE, the school ma'am
GUS ANDERSON, the hired man
REUBEN ALLEN, a neighbor
MR. ASHLEY, a lawyer and real estate agent
ROBERT POWELL, a senior in law
MARGERIE LANGDON, a promising society debutante
HULDA, the maid

ACT I

The Merrill farm. Mid-autumn. Morning.

ACT II

The University of Minnesota. Five years later.
At the fraternity ball.

ACT III

Merton's study at the Merrill farm. Two years later. Morning.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

Mrs. Merrill is a short woman of about fifty, with silvery-gray hair. She walks with a quick, nervous gait, and her words are snapped out with a knowing air. In Act I she wears a kitchen apron over a plain, dark dress. In Act II she wears an old-fashioned black silk skirt; short, tightly fitted jacket with full sleeves and a small bonnet tied under the chin. In Act III she wears a light print house dress and a small white apron.

Mr. Merrill is a tall, rather thin man of the Yankee type, about fifty years old. His shoulders are stooped, and he walks with a shuffling gait. He speaks in a hard, dry, authoritative voice. He wears blue overalls, flannel shirt, and gray felt hat.

Mr. Allen is a typical Yankee. He talks with a Yankee drawl. He has a chin beard. He wears a straw hat, overalls, high boots, and a ragged flannel shirt.

Rose Meade is a pretty, vivacious girl of about twenty, with somewhat more style than the ordinary country girl. She has a sweet voice, an attractive manner, and much personal charm. In Act I she wears a simple pink linen dress with white collar and cuffs and carries a large straw hat. In Act II she wears a pretty evening dress. In Act III she is dressed in a traveling suit.

Merton Merrill is a rather awkward country boy of nineteen. He is very earnest and gives the impression of having thought more than either Allen or his father. In Act I he wears the ordinary clothes of a farm hand. In Act II he is dressed to suit the occasion. In Act III he has a gray flannel shirt and gray trousers.

Mr. Ashley is a lawyer of about thirty, very much impressed with his own dignity, eager to give advice. He is determined to make a success in life. In Act I he is dressed in a hunting suit and carries a shotgun. In Act II he wears a conventional dress suit; in Act III, a business suit, motor coat and cap.

Gus Anderson is a large-boned, awkward man of thirty. He is of decided Scandinavian type with a shock of yellow hair, and has a broad Scandinavian accent. In Act I he wears overalls and a gray shirt, the sleeves of which are rolled up showing a red undershirt. In Act III he wears a white dairyman's suit and white cap.

Hulda is a Swedish girl who has just come over. She is lazy and shiftless, but very good-natured. She has untidy yellow hair, blue eyes, and a large mouth which is open most of the time. She wears a red calico waist, flowered pink skirt, and a blue gingham apron tied on crooked.

Robert is a jolly college boy. His chief interest in college is its gayety. In Act III he wears overalls and flannel shirt.

Margerie Langdon is a college belle. She is clever, vivacious, and eager for a good time. She wears an elaborate evening dress.

ACT I

Scene, the Merrill farm in mid-autumn. An old-fashioned frame cottage to the right with low porch and two steps leading up to it. Trellised over the porch are climbing roses. In front stands a low bench on which is a pail partly filled with water, a wash basin, and a bar of soap. Wood wings to the left. The landscape backing is a farm scene showing fields, pastures, and grain stacks. A rustic fence is in the rear with a gate in the center. A tree down L. with a rustic bench beneath.

At rise of curtain, a faint light is streaming through the trees at the left. As the act progresses the lights grow brighter gradually until the border and footlights are on full.

Music—Home Sweet Home—low and gradually dying out. A cock crows. A cow moos. Noise within house of the shaking of a stove grate.

(Enter Mr. Merrill, L. He crosses to the door of the house and calls.)

MERRILL. Gus! (Pause. Cock again crows.) Oh, Gus! (Pause. Cow moos.) Gus! (indignantly.)

GUS (from within house; yawns sleepily). Ay ban standing oup.

MERRILL. Merton! (louder) Merton! (still louder) Merton!

MERTON (from within house). Ah ha.

MERRILL. Roll out. It's late. Ma!

MRS. MERRILL (from within house). Yes, I'm up! (Cock crows.)

MERRILL. Gus!

GUS (from within house). Ay ban com-min.

MERRILL (with authority). Well, get down here! It's a quarter past five. Merton!

MERTON (from within house; uncomfortably). Yes.

MERRILL. This is the last time I call you. (Cow moos.)

(Exit Merrill, L.)

(Noise from house as pail falls off a table.)

GUS (angrily). Dog-gone das har, anaway. (Enter Gus from house.) Ay ain't waked oup yet. (Carrying two milk pails, he crosses to R. C., sets pails down, rubs eyes, yawns, and stretches.) Ma goodness, but ay ban sleepy. (Places hand to forehead.) Ma, such a headache. (Emphatically) Ay bet you ay not go to town again. (Cow moos. Gus looks up.) Das is all right, boss, ay milk you right away. (Picks up pails and crosses to L. C.)

(Enter Mrs. Merrill)

MRS. MERRILL (from doorway). Hurry in with that milk, Gus. I need some for breakfast.

GUS. Yaw, ay vil. (Exit yawning and singing.) "Keep on da sunny side, Always on da sunny side, Keep on da sunny side of life." (Sings brokenly.)

(Exit Gus, L.)

MRS. MERRILL. Merton! (Pause.) Merton!

MERTON (from within house). Yes, I'm getting up.

MRS. MERRILL (angrily). Now you just hurry up out of here. Pa will be awful mad if he comes in and finds you abed.

(Enter Allen from L. E. He looks right and left and calls out in a sing-song way.)

ALLEN. Hello, everybody!

(Enter Mrs. Merrill carrying a grape basket.)

MRS. MERRILL. Why, good morning, Mr. Allen. What are you doing over here so bright and early?

ALLEN (slowly). Why, I promised Charles t' other day I'd come up and help him get that 'ere hay down in the slough. I reckoned I'd come up early, so's we could get a good start.

MRS. MERRILL (throwing up hands in despair). My goodness, has he gone to haying again?

ALLEN. Wall, that's what he says to me. (Opens gate and comes down R. C.)

MRS. MERRILL (with disgust). Land sakes, that's just the way with him, he's always behind with the work. (Comes down to R. C.) I get so disgusted sometimes I think I can't stand it a minute longer. No matter what season of the year it is, he's behind. Haying when he should be cutting; cutting when he ought to be plowing; and here he's gone to haying again. I just wish nature would slip a cog sometime, so as to give him a chance to catch up.

ALLEN (Goes over to tree, picks up a stick of wood and proceeds to whittle it). Well, I reckon as how he wished 'twould, cause he's got to have some hay for the cattle this winter.

MRS. MERRILL (looking up with surprise). Well, if them chickens haven't gone and got into the garden again. They seem to stay up all night, so as to get into the garden early in the morning. (Picks up apron.) Shoo chick! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

(Exit Mrs. Merrill, L.)

ALLEN (Stands up against tree, takes plug of tobacco from his pocket and bites off a chew, looking after her). Gosh all fishhooks, she sure's a busy old soul. If my wife was like that I reckon as how I'd have to get out and mow the clover some myself. (Places one foot on bench.)

(Enter Miss Rose, R., carrying a bunch of wild flowers.)

ROSE. Good morning, Mr. Allen.

ALLEN (turning quickly). Why, good morning, Schoolmarm. (Crosses to R. C.) Ain't you up rather early?

ROSE. Oh, I always like to get up early so as to get the benefit of this morning air. It's so exhilarating. Don't you think so? (Comes down to C.)

ALLEN. Ex—ex—exhilarating. (Scratches head.) I shouldn't wonder but what it was.

ROSE (smiling). You folks are all coming over to the program my school children are going to give, aren't you?

ALLEN. Wall, calculate we'd have a scrumptious time all right. (Crosses to tree and expectorates behind the tree.) But ma says we ought to stay hum and paint the kitchen floor so I reckon we'll have to postpone it.

ROSE (imploringly). I would like very much to have you come, if you thought you possibly could. The children are going to do splendidly, I think. (Crosses to bench and sits down.)

ALLEN. Wall, you see, we farmers are pretty busy folks. We don't have no time to attend these society doin's.

ROSE. If I only could work up more interest in this community in the schoolhouse as a social center, we could have perfectly lovely times together. (Looks up with a resolute little smile.)

ALLEN. I reckon you will have to get them 'ere fool notions out of your head. I was reading a piece t'other day in the farm paper. They wanted to make the skulehouse into one of these here employment agencies. Wall, of all the durn fool ideas I ever heard of, that takes the cake! (Crosses to her and places one foot on bench.)

ROSE. What makes you think that? (Arranges her flowers.)

ALLEN. Why, what do we farmers need of such a thing? We got enough work as it is. (*Shifts his cud, and expectorates behind tree.*) Them folks as writes them pieces gets paid for it. They don't know what we farmers need. All they got ter do is to tell their typewriter what they want and the typewriter does it for 'em.

(*Enter Merrill from L., carrying a mower sickle.*)

MERRILL. Good morning, Allen, yer over rather early.

ALLEN. I left the old woman home ter do the chores. What can I do to help?

MERRILL. Why, you can go out in the barn and harness up Tom and Jerry. Use the light set of driving harnesses. (*Crosses to grindstone, and leans sickle against it.*)

ALLEN (*to Rose*). See that cow rubbin' her ear on that fence post? (*Points to the left.*)

ROSE. (*Rises and crosses to him.*) Yes.

ALLEN. Wall, that's a sign of rain.

ROSE. Is that so? How do you make that out?

ALLEN. "When a cow tries to rub her ear, It means a shower is very near."

ROSE (*laughingly*). If I were you, Mr. Allen, I would train a cow to do that so you could have rain whenever you needed it.

ALLEN. I don't think it works out that way.

(*Exeunt Rose and Allen, L.*)

(*Enter Merton, from the house. Crosses stage to R. C.*)

MERRILL (*angrily, on seeing him*). Well, this is a pretty time of day to be getting up. If you intend to work for me, you will have to get up in the morning. I'm paying you wages just the same as any man. Where did you go last night?

MERTON (*sulkily, after a pause*). I went to the dance.

MERRILL (*amazed*). Dance! You heard what I told you about that dance, didn't you? (*pause*) Didn't you?

MERTON. Why, yes, but—

MERRILL (*interrupting*). Just because you are getting old now I'm not going to have you gallivanting over the country. You are going to mind me as long as you stay here.

MERTON. Why, Gus went. Why don't you—

MERRILL (*between his teeth, angrily*). Never you mind what Gus did. I'm talking to you now. So long as you work for me you'll do just as I say.

MERTON (*angrily*). That's what you always say, but don't forget, just because you are paying me wages that I'm not a machine. I've got to have some fun. You can't expect me to stay here on the farm day in and day out. (*Turns and crosses over to tree.*)

MERRILL (*following him up*). We'll find out whether you can or not. The sooner we come to an understanding, the better.

MERTON (*turning and facing his father*). Now, look here, Dad, I'm not a kid any more. You treat me as if I were a little baby. I'm old enough to be a little independent.

MERRILL. Independent! You talking independent! Oh, yes, you've got a high school education, I know, and it ain't going to hurt you a bit, now, if you forget about it. What could you do without me and the old farm?

MERTON. I can get something to do all right. I want to get out and see some of the world, anyway. Life is too short to stay here on this little farm.

MERRILL (*somewhat more calmly*). I would have given you a chance to go to the city to school, but you'd only have been discontented and not want to come back on the farm.

MERTON. If I did, it would be because I liked city life better than I do the farm. I don't have to stay here under the rule of your thumb all my life. I've been penned in here long enough. If I want to go to a dance, I'm going whether you like it or not.

MERRILL (*in anger*). Why, you independent, (*raises hand as if to strike him*) you, (*pause*) how dare you talk to me this way?

MERTON (*holding his father's arm*). I am getting a little too old for such treatment, Dad. That's the way you have made me see your side of an argument ever since I have been old enough to stand it. (*Merrill gradually drops hand to side.*) I've worked out there in those fields for the last ten years and I have had a good deal of time to think things over seriously. I want to get away from this farm and do something worth while, something big. I have no opportunities here. It's the same continuous round, the four seasons of the year. I could plow, harrow, and plant grain when I was twelve years old, and still you want me to do this all my life, not rising above the standard of a twelve-year-old boy, with no chance to broaden my views or make the work interesting. (*Turns and crosses over L.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Merrill, carrying a grape basket filled with kindlings, followed by Gus.*)

MRS. MERRILL (*in surprise*). Why, what's the matter, Merton?

MERTON (*sulkily*). Nothing much.

(*Exit Merton, L.*)

(*Enter Gus.*)

GUS (*carrying milk pails, crosses to Merrill, who is looking after the boy in a dazed sort of way, and sets down pails.*) Ay quit, ay vant ma pay.

MERRILL (*still staring after the boy absently*). What's the matter, Gus?

GUS (*emphatically*). Ay no milk your cow any more. Ay quit.

MERRILL (*as if noticing Gus for the first time*). What's the trouble?

GUS. Ah, your wife she kick all a time. Ay quit.

MRS. MERRILL. I've told him time and again not to put his hands in the milk, but that's all the good it does. This morning he did it again. I'll not have it. It's a dirty, filthy habit.

GUS. Ay can't milk with a dry hand; Ay vant ma pay.

MERRILL (*sternly*). Gus, go out to the barn and finish milking.

GUS. Dog-gone das—

MERRILL (*commandingly*). You heard what I said.

GUS. By golly, some day I vill quit. (*Picks up pails and crosses to L. E.*) Ay don't have to vork har all de time. Dese women make me so darn mad.

(*Exit Gus, L.*)

MRS. MERILL (to Merrill). Did you and Merton have a quarrel this morning? He was as white as a ghost when I came in.

MERRILL. He didn't get in till two o'clock last night. Said he'd been to a dance. When I tried to call him down, he insulted me. It's the first time he's ever talked to me in this way. (Crosses to porch and buries his face in his hands.)

MRS. MERILL. (Crosses to him; soothingly.) Don't you think you are rather harsh with Merton, Pa? He's getting old now, almost a man. Merton has always been a good boy, and has done just as you told him. You should give him more liberty. You can't expect him to stay here on the farm and be contented, when you give him no more opportunities than you do. He sees Gus go out nights, and you say nothing to him. He thinks if he get out he can have the same privileges.

MERRILL. (Jumps to his feet; angrily.) That's just like you! Always standing up for him. If I call him down for what he has done, you side in and take his part. That's what's the trouble with him now. You wanted to send him to town to the high school. What good did it do him? Just got some of those new-fangled ideas into his head. He isn't content to stay on the farm any more. He's going to stay here and do as I say or he's going to get out. Why don't he settle down now? He's got his education. I told him the other day that when he settled down and married I'd turn the farm over to him. But no, he's got to go chasing over the country first. I was married when I was his age. Why can't he?

MRS. MERILL. Times have changed, Pa; they don't do that way now.

(Enter Merton, L.)

MERRILL (to Merton). Sharpen up that sickle. (Exit Merrill, L.)

MRS. MERILL (to Merton, who has taken the sickle and proceeds to sharpen it). Why did you insist on going to the dance last night, when you knew it was contrary to your father's wishes?

MERTON. Oh, I don't know. (Sits facing right. Mrs. Merrill looks at him sympathetically, and goes into the house.)

(Enter Miss Rose from L., leading a shepherd dog and talking to it as she enters running.)

ROSE. Why, what's the matter with you, Don? You're not half so good a sprinter as I. (Opens gate and comes down to bench, sits down, strokes dog's head.) Why, do you know, I believe I could beat you easily in a hundred-yard dash. But then you have the rheumatism. You are getting old, Don, you're not the dog you used to be. Every dog has his day and you've had yours, and a glorious life it has been, too, hasn't it? All the birds and jackrabbits that your little heart could desire to chase over the fields. Did you ever catch any, Don? I doubt it. Dogs are just like men. They will tramp all day in the hope of shooting a duck or a prairie chicken. (Tilts head sideways and speaks to Merton, who is furiously grinding the sickle. Shyly.) Did you hear that, Merton? Oh, Merton! (Crosses to him.) I believe the cat has his tongue. (To dog) Don't you, Don? Why don't you speak, Merton?

MERTON (laughing and looking up). I'm mad.

ROSE. (Shakes finger at him, warningly.) Angry. Any one of my children would have known

better than that. Only dogs get mad. (To dog) Isn't it so, Don? (Tantalizingly) Did Merton's papa chastise him for running away to the dance? (Merton grinds.) No? Maybe his mamma chastised him. Couldn't Merton have his own way? (Merton throws his sickle down and starts for her with arms outstretched.)

MERTON. I'll fix you for this. (She dodges under his arm, and runs past him, leaving the tree between them.)

ROSE. You are not going to touch me. (To dog) Don't you let him, Don. You bite him if he comes past that tree.

MERTON. If I had you in my arms once I'd fix you for this.

ROSE. You're not going to touch me. (Strikes dramatic attitude.) Villain, don't you pass that dividing line. (Laughs.)

MERTON (earnestly). Come, now, be reasonable, we'll compromise. I'll not touch you if you will tell me why you wouldn't go to the dance with me last night.

ROSE. Your father didn't want you to go. You should do as your father—

MERTON. That's no reason why you couldn't go.

ROSE. I didn't think you should go, either.

MERTON. Why not?

ROSE. Why, you're young, and you work hard all day, and besides the dances they have around here are not just exactly proper.

MERTON. I was awfully mad—no, angry—at you last night.

ROSE. I know you were.

MERTON. I went anyway.

ROSE. And you made your father awfully mad—angry.

MERTON. Aw, say mad, it's more expressive. I know I did, but Pa's old fashioned. He doesn't stop to think he was once a kid. I'll bet he went out nights when he was a boy.

ROSE. Most likely that's the reason he wants to bring you up properly. You can benefit by his experience.

MERTON. No, that doesn't work out. Everyone has to find out for himself.

ROSE. Then you did find out.

MERTON. I feel awfully bum this morning.

ROSE (laughing). That's the boy. I knew you would own up to it. You can sit down if you want to. (They both sit on bench. Exit Don, L.) The trouble with you is you are so headstrong that if anyone wants you to do a thing, you want to do just the opposite.

MERTON. You seem to understand my disposition pretty well. (Sits nearer.)

ROSE. I can only judge others by myself. My father didn't want me to come out here and teach, but I wanted to get away. I think I am quite efficient in my practical knowledge of human nature.

MERTON. Then you know how I feel toward you, Rose?

ROSE. Toward me?

MERTON. Yes.

ROSE. Why I suppose you are annoyed at me for not going to the dance with you last night.

MERTON. It's not that.

ROSE. What then? *(Suddenly becomes preoccupied, fingering the flowers on her hat.)*

MERTON *(squatting his shoulders and clearing his throat)*. Oh—well, you see—I—Miss Meade—Rose, it's this way. I've known you ever since you started to teach school here and boarded at our house.

ROSE. Yes.

MERTON *(leaning forward and speaking in soft tones)*. Well, you've been awful good to me, and I've liked you from the first—and—well—I've tried to be the same to you. *(After a brief pause)* I want to ask you to—*(Takes her hand in his)*. Rose, I love you, and I want to ask—

ROSE. *(Rises and stands; pleadingly)*. Please don't go on—

MERTON *(pleadingly)*. No, don't go, Rose. I'm dead in earnest about this. Sit down. *(She obeys.)* You know what I was going to ask you.

ROSE. You were going to ask me—to—

MERTON. Marry me.

ROSE. Please don't.

MERTON. Why not?

ROSE. It's so utterly impossible.

MERTON. I don't see why!

ROSE. Why I—I had thought—*(half rising)*.

MERTON. No, wait. It's someone else? Some city fellow?

ROSE. No, it's not that.

MERTON. What is it, then?

ROSE. Please don't ask me. Can't you see?

MERTON. No. Father told me the other day that when I married and settled down he'd turn the farm over to me. This is a good farm, and—

ROSE. It is not that I am thinking about.

MERTON. Then what is it? Tell me. Don't you like me?

ROSE. Why, yes, I think you are a nice boy. I haven't looked at it—I never thought of you in any other way. Can't you see?

MERTON. No.

ROSE. You are hardly more than a boy, only twenty.

MERTON. Lots of folks get married at that age. I don't think I could make a better choice, if I lived ever so long.

ROSE. It's so impossible, Merton. I was brought up in the city. My people have let me have all that I asked for. I never did any real hard work. I couldn't become accustomed to the life on the farm. What would my life be here?

MERTON. What more does a girl want? What is a girl's ambition but to get married and have a home.

ROSE. I couldn't become a farmer's wife. The man I marry must provide me with the conveniences that I am accustomed to. What is the life of a farmer's wife? She must work from sunrise to sunset. Work! Work! Work! Nothing but dull drudgery.

MERTON *(rising)*. I hadn't thought about it in that way before. Come to think about it, you wouldn't make me a very good wife. I hadn't thought of this matter seriously enough. I suppose you would marry any man that could furnish you with an automobile, fine clothes, cut flowers, and luxuries of all kinds. Is that your idea of happiness?

ROSE. Merton!

MERTON. Can't I choose a wife with regard to my own happiness? If we loved each other in the right way, if we understood life at its best, we would stand shoulder to shoulder, and work humbly and gratefully at whatever was at hand. But being a farmer I can't have a wife who will bring up my children with high ideals and great aspirations. Why? Because a farmer's wife must be able to work, cook, sew, scrub, clean house. Do you think that is the reason I asked you to marry me? Answer me, do you?

ROSE. *(Rises and crosses over.)* But, Merton, that is the view that most of the farmers take of the situation. There is a great deal of truth in what you say. More than you imagine.

MERTON. *(Crossing to her, takes her hand in his.)* But just the same Rose, I love you. I am going off and learn how to farm. I know there must be ways of doing it right and some day I'll come back and make you see that the right kind of farm home is the happiest place on earth.

ROSE. You never can do it, Merton. It isn't possible.

MERTON. Just you wait and see.

(Enter Gus, singing, from L. E. Rose and Merton move suddenly apart, looking embarrassed. Gus is carrying pails full of milk, his clothes are covered with chaff.)

GUS. "Open vide de windows and drive out sin, and let a little sunshine in." *(To Merton)* Say, Merton, da ol' man he wants ter know vot you did vid das hare set of wagon double-tras. *(He sets the pails down in front of Rose.)*

MERTON. They are on the drag. *(Crosses to grindstone and resumes the task of sharpening sickle. Rose crosses and sits on bench. Gus crosses to L. E. and calls off wings.)*

GUS. Mr. Merill, day ban on der drag by da granary. *(Crosses to pails. Looks at Rose.)* Hello.

ROSE *(to Gus)*. Why, Gus, have you been burrowing in the straw pile. Your clothes are covered with chaff. You look like a typical hayseed.

GUS. No, ay vos yust stooping over in das manger to get some bedding and das here cow he got too fresh mit his horns, and butted me right up in das har manger. *(Rose laughs. Gus stands over the milk pails and brushes the chaff from his clothes.)*

ROSE *(screaming)*. Don't.

GUS *(jumping)*. Vot ban the matter vid you?

ROSE. You are brushing that chaff and dirt right into the milk.

GUS. Val, ain't I going to strain it.

ROSE. You might get the milk contaminated with germs.

GUS. Vell, I'll strain dem out, too!

ROSE *(laughing)*. They are so small you can't strain them out!

GUS. Val, dan dey ain't going to hurt nobody. Ay ban on the farm pretty long while, and ay ain't seen no yerms yet. Das har postmaster over in town he says there vas yerms in everything. He says at ban dangerous to handle paper money, but ha don't stop none to take a chaw of my ter-backer.

MRS. MERILL (*from doorway*). Gus, you hurry in with that milk. It seems to me you could do the milking in less time than it takes you.

GUS. Val, ay can't do everyting at vonce. (*Picks up the pails and goes into the house.*)

ROSE (*crossing to Merton*). You can't make Gus believe there is anything but what he can see.

(*Enter Mr. Ashley, L.*)

ASHLEY (*crossing to gate*). Good morning. (*Tips his cap.*)

ROSE (*turning*). Why, it's Mr. Ashley. Hunting so early in the morning?

ASHLEY. Well, they do say that "the early bird catches the worm." (*Opens gate and comes down stage.*) I don't know whether that rule will apply to the man catching the bird or not. You don't happen to know of a covey around here do you, Merton? (*Shakes hands with Rose.*)

MERTON. There's one down at the end of the corn field, but I was figuring on them myself. Won't you stop for breakfast?

ASHLEY. Is breakfast ready?

MERTON. Very nearly, I guess.

ASHLEY. Well, now, I say, that is a temptation. I wanted to see Mr. Merrill on a little business matter, anyway.

MERTON (*calling to house*). Ma!

MRS. MERILL (*from house*). Yes. (*Comes to doorway with hands covered with flour.*)

MERTON. Mr. Ashley is going to stop for breakfast.

MRS. MERILL. Good morning, Mr. Ashley. (*Ashley tips his cap.*) We're not having much for breakfast. Do you like baking-powder biscuits and honey?

ASHLEY (*clapping his hands with delight*). Do I? Homemade baking-powder biscuits and honey! Could I think of anything more delicious? To my mind homemade biscuits and honey are the acme of life.

MRS. MERILL. Then do stay!

(*Exit Mrs. Merrill into house.*)

ROSE. You must get tired of boarding at the hotel all the time.

ASHLEY. I should say I do.

ROSE. I don't see why you remain a bachelor, Mr. Ashley, with all the pretty girls there are in town. I should think you would find one that could make baking-powder biscuits for you.

ASHLEY. There is a certain young lady that teaches school, outside of town, who looks very charming to me. (*Laughs and crosses stage, leans gun against tree. Rose rises and crosses toward house.*)

MERTON (*to Rose, who is beside him*). There is your chance, Rose, he'll buy you all the automobiles you want.

ROSE (*stamping her foot indignantly*). Merton, you let that matter drop!

(*Exit Rose into house.*)

(*Enter Gus from house with milk pails.*)

GUS (*crossing to Mr. Ashley*). Good morning, Mr. Ashley, ay vas yust going down to feed the pigs. Ve got some fine vons. Vant to see them?

ASHLEY. No, I came to see Mr. Merrill.

GUS. He ban down to the barn.

MRS. MERILL (*from doorway*). Gus, you bring me in an armful of wood, quick.

GUS. Ya. (*Mrs. Merrill goes into house.*) By golly, das here women folks dey work a man to deat'. (*Picks up pails.*)

(*Exit Gus, L.*)

MERTON (*crossing to Ashley*). Mr. Ashley.

ASHLEY (*turning*). Yes.

MERTON. I'd like to have your opinion of a certain matter.

ASHLEY. Why, certainly. (*Crosses to R. C.*)

MERTON. I suppose you lawyers want pay for all the advice you give out.

ASHLEY (*smiling*). Well, now, that depends. We're not all so bad as we are painted.

MERTON. I've made up my mind that I need further education. I've never been off the farm. All I know about farming I've learned from doing it. Aren't there places where they teach you how, and why? It seems to me you could save a lot of time and work if you knew the best methods. Men get trained for almost every other kind of occupation, why not for farming?

ASHLEY. Certainly, Merton. You have hit the nail on the head. Many of the best universities now have agricultural schools, and every year their value to the community increases. It won't be long before it will be considered as shortsighted for a man to try to be a farmer without any training, as it would for him to be an engineer. (*They cross to bench, sit, and continue conversation.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Merrill, from doorway, and Gus, L. C., carrying an armful of wood.*)

MRS. MERILL (*to Gus*). Well, it's time you got in with that wood, the fire is nearly out. I might a good deal better do things myself than expect you to do them.

GUS (*crossing stage*). Val, ay can't do everyting at vonce. (*Falls on porch and scatters wood on the porch.*)

MRS. MERILL. Land sakes! You are the awkwardest man I ever saw. Now pick that wood up and put it into the woodbox where it belongs. You can't seem to do a thing without making a mess of it.

GUS (*Begins calmly to pick up the wood*). Dog-gone das. Ay get me mad, by golly, ay going to quit.

MRS. MERILL. Well, you won't quit till you get this wood off my front porch, I'll tell you that.

(*Exit Mrs. Merrill into house.*)

GUS (*calling after her*). Ay vill tal Mr. Merrill on you. He'll fix you. (*Exit Gus with wood. Noise as if wood were dropped into box, and Mrs. Merrill's voice is heard scolding him.*)

ASHLEY. Gus has been with you for some time, hasn't he?

MERTON. Ever since I can remember. Father wouldn't fire him for all the men in the state.

(*Enter Gus.*)

GUS (*crossing stage, singing*). "Open vider the windows and drive out sin and let a little sunshine in."

ASHLEY (*to Gus*). What will you take for the song, Gus?

GUS (*Turns, shakes head*). At ain't for sale. (*Exit Gus, L.*)

MERTON (to Ashley). I like the farm, Mr. Ashley, but I want to get out where they are doing really big things. Any one can farm the way we do. Many of the farmers around here have been successful, some of them never saw the inside of a school.

ASHLEY. They have made a great deal of their money by land speculation. They live very near to the soil, and far away from the rest of the world. What the farm needs today is men who will farm scientifically, common-sense farming, if you like that better. We must get away from this one crop idea. Unless we do, this land will run down like the land in the eastern states.

MERTON. I have never considered farming a very high calling.

ASHLEY. It is true that the word "hayseed" has been a term of contempt. But not so today. Farming is becoming a highly respectable occupation. To be an honest tiller of the soil is to be a sovereign of the people. Every merchant, banker, and professional man is directly dependent upon the farmer for his own healthful existence.

MERTON. Would there be any money in it for me, I mean big money?

ASHLEY (standing). Possibly no enormous amount. Not all the trial balances in life can be struck out in figures.

MERTON. Would you advise me to go to an agricultural college?

ASHLEY. Yes, if you like the farm. It is no longer true to say that farming is too small a field for a really big man. I hope you will forgive me for preaching a sermon like this, but it is a subject that I have taken a great deal of interest in, as one of great importance.

MERTON (standing). I thank you, Mr. Ashley, for the advice you have given. You have started me thinking.

ASHLEY. I wouldn't act hastily in the matter. Explain your wants to your father, arrange it so that you can work here on the farm in the summer months.

MERTON. No. I want to be independent. I have enough money in the bank to carry me through one year, I guess, and in the summer I can go out in different localities.

ASHLEY. Boy, let me give you one piece of advice. As long as you have a home to go to, go there. Put your learning into practice here on the farm. Make this farm the best producer in the state. You can do it.

MERTON (shaking Ashley's hand). I'll do it. Thank you, Mr. Ashley.

ASHLEY. If you are dead in earnest about this, you will succeed. But remember, success depends upon the man, his knowledge and judgment, and his persistence.

(Enter Mr. Merrill and Reuben Allen at L. C., talking. They cross stage.)

ALLEN. I tell you it is going to rain.

MERRILL (upon noticing Ashley). Good morning, Ashley. Hunting? (Shakes hands)

ASHLEY. Yes, I walked across lots. I hoped I might scare up a few chickens. I wanted to see you in regard to the mortgage. Your folks persuaded me to stop for breakfast.

MERRILL. Why, sure, come on over any time. You're welcome.

ASHLEY. You certainly are hospitable.

MERRILL (to Merton). Say, Merton, go down and chase that black and white heifer up out of the corn. I'm afraid she'll get more than's good for her. (Merton crosses to L. E.) And take a hammer along with you and fix up the fence there below the barn.

(Exit Merton, L.)

ALLEN (to Ashley). I was telling Charles as how he hadn't ought to get down any hay, as I calculated as how it was going to rain.

ASHLEY. Are you a weather prophet? It doesn't look like rain.

ALLEN. Wall, I've been pretty gosh darn observing in my time, and when I see the sun come up behind that cloud this morning, I 'spects as how it was going to rain. And then I heard a pig squeal last night, that's a sure sign. I never knew that un to fail. (Crosses to bench, picks up a stick and busies himself whittling it.)

ASHLEY (to Merrill). I brought that mortgage over for your signature. (Takes folded mortgage from his pocket.) It is filled out properly, I think. Mr. Allen, will you act as a witness?

ALLEN. Sure. Buying more land, Meril'?

(Enter Mrs. Merrill from doorway.)

MERRILL. Yes, I bought that quarter joining on the north where old man Smith lived.

MRS. MERRILL (in surprise). What?

MERRILL (taken back). Why, I am buying that quarter—

MRS. MERRILL (interrupting). Buying more land? What do you want of any more land?

MERRILL. Why, I thought I could manage that quarter—

MRS. MERRILL (commandingly). Well, you don't need it, and you ain't going to buy it. Going to raise more hogs, I suppose—to buy more land. We ain't going to need it, and we're not going to have it. What's that paper you've got? (Snatches it from his hand.)

MERRILL. That's the mortgage.

MRS. MERRILL (in surprise). Mortgage! (Drops mortgage.) Mortgage! (Pleadingly) You weren't going to mortgage the homestead, were you? I'm just scared to death of a mortgage. Charley, you're not going to mortgage the—

MERRILL (in anger). I guess I know what I am doing. You go into the house and let me attend to my own affairs.

MRS. MERRILL (pleadingly). Don't, please. Please don't Pa. We've lived on the homestead for so long, and you're sure to lose it if—

ASHLEY. (Stoops and picks up mortgage from ground.) Well, if that's the way your wife feels I suppose it is all off. I didn't particularly care whether I sold it or not. I can get sixty for it in a year or so.

MERRILL (to Mrs. Merrill). I'll tend to this myself. Do you want to have me lose this chance? It's a good speculation. (Takes mortgage from Ashley.) I know what I'm about. Haven't I kept the farm so far? I'm not going to have you whimpering around here. We'll go into the house and fix it up.

MRS. MERRILL (disgusted). Pa, I don't want you to do it.

MERRILL. Well, I'm going to, so that settles it.

MRS. MERILL (*crossing slowly to house*). I'm sure something will go wrong.

(*Exit Mrs. Merill into house.*)

MERILL (*in disgust*). Just like a woman. Scared to death of anything like a mortgage.

(*Exit Merill into house.*)

ASHLEY. May I have your signature also Mr. Allen?

ALLEN. Sure.

(*Exeunt Ashley and Allen into house.*)

(*Enter Gus. He goes to washbench, pours some water into basin, and washes vigorously. Then he wipes his face and hands.*)

GUS (*looking into house*). By golly! Ve goin' to have company for breakfast, she's got on a white tablecloth. (*Puts hand in pocket and pulls it out with a disgusted look.*) Yee! Dar vas an egg in dar.

(*Exit Gus into house.*)

(*Merill goes to grindstone and picks up sickle. Re-enter Ashley.*)

ASHLEY. That's a fine piece of land, Mr. Merill. As good a piece as there is in the state. (*Crosses to bench.*) Merton just expressed a desire to further his education.

MERILL. (*Has been examining the sickle, turns quickly.*) What's that?

ASHLEY. Said he wanted to go off somewhere to school. I tried to show him the value of an agricultural education.

MERILL (*putting sickle down*). Well, he'll have to get that idea out of his head.

ASHLEY. Don't you think it would be beneficial to him here on the farm?

MERILL. No, I don't. He's just getting old enough now so as he can do a little work. I ain't got money to spend on him, so as he can learn to play football and crokinole and basketball and such darn fool games.

ASHLEY. But, Mr. Merill, surely you don't think that all their time is spent in athletics.

MERILL. Well, a good deal of it is. In order to be able to farm you don't have to be able to orate at a debating society. You can't learn how to farm in a laboratory nor by reading books. It's the experience you need in farming. I ain't had no schooling to speak of, and I'm just as good a farmer as any of 'em.

ASHLEY. One of the worst drawbacks that agriculture has today is the difficulty of inducing the farmers to adopt improved methods.

MERILL. Well, I reckon they are wise enough not to let any white-fingered man, who read out of books, tell them what to do.

ASHLEY. It's an absolute fact, Mr. Merill, that the farms in this locality are producing less each year. What we need to do is to increase our production, and the only solution to the problem is the employment of more improved methods.

MERILL. Ah! that idea's just a fad! They'll get over it in time.

(*Enter Mrs. Merill.*)

MRS. MERILL. Breakfast is ready.

ASHLEY (*crossing over*). I hope you didn't make any extra preparations, Mrs. Merill.

MRS. MERILL. Oh, mercy, no.

(*Exeunt Mrs. Merill and Ashley into house.*)

(*Enter Merton from L. E., crosses to washbench and begins to wash.*)

MERILL (*putting down sickle and picking up a whip from the ground*). Ashley was just telling me that you want to go to an agricultural college.

MERTON. Yes, I had a little talk with him about it.

MERILL. Well, you had better change your mind.

MERTON. Why should I?

MERILL. Because you are going to stay here on the farm.

MERTON. Mr. Ashley says that I could run the farm better if I had—

MERILL. I don't care what Ashley says, you're going to stay here, and the sooner you get that notion out of your head the better. Now, I'm going to give you your choice, stay here on the farm and do as I say or get out. If you get out, you're out for good.

MERTON. (*Turns; pauses.*) I'm going to get an agricultural education.

MERILL. What?

MERTON. I don't feel like settling down here on the farm just yet. If you want to put it that way, I suppose I'll have to get out.

MERILL (*angrily*). I'll give you just thirty seconds to change your mind.

MERTON. I don't intend to.

MERILL. You don't? (*Strikes him with whip.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Merill.*)

MRS. MERILL. Pa!

MERILL. Go into the house! (*Strikes him again. Merton steps back. Mrs. Merill rushes to her husband and puts her hand on his arm. Merill pushes her aside. Merton then takes the whip from Merill, breaks it in pieces, and throws it on the ground.*)

MERTON. I've stood all that I'm going to.

MERILL (*in mad rage*). You've taken your choice, now go up to your room and pack up what belongings you have, and go!

MRS. MERILL (*coming forward*). Pa, you don't mean—

MERILL. He's taking his choice, he gets out. (*To Merton*) Don't you ever set foot on this farm again! (*Points to door.*) Go! (*Merton goes out followed by Mrs. Merill, wiping her eyes on her apron.*)

(*Curtain*)

In Act II Merton and Rose are at a fraternity ball. There Merton meets Mr. Ashley, who tells him something of the misfortunes that have overtaken his parents during the five years of his absence. Through mismanagement his father has lost his livestock from disease and his crops have failed. His father is broken in health, and the mortgage is being foreclosed. Late in the evening Merton's mother, who in desperation has come in search of her son, appears at the fraternity house and begs Mer-

(Continued on Page 31)

Stunts, and Entertainment Features

For Parties, Banquets, Assemblies, and Money-Making Entertainments.

A DOLL SHOW.

By BERNICE EDWARDS

Everybody loves a baby. That is the idea that members of a certain Parent-Teachers Association had when they considered how to replenish their bank account. How? With a Doll Show! Was it a success? Well, listen.

Two hundred six-inch dolls were purchased at five cents each. Members of the P. T. A. were divided into twelve groups. Each group was to dress its quota of dolls in a different manner. One was the baby-doll group, the boudoir group, the Japanese group, the American group, the Dutch group, etc.

It was not necessary to spend money for advertisement except one small column in the daily paper. Doll dressing was discussed over card tables, dinner tables and wash boards. Mothers with a child in every other grade dressed dolls. High school girls and mothers with children in college offered their services. Even grandmothers knitted little booties and sweaters. Dressed dolls were shown in the various rooms during school hours. How the little girls longed for a new doll! How the boys planned to buy sister one for Christmas! The date was set for early December.

At last, the night of the show arrived. The doors were opened. The ten-cent admission fee was paid, then hundreds of people thronged the halls of the school building to pause and exclaim and buy dolls at the various booths. Each doll was sold for fifty cents.

Here was the baby-doll booth. Many doll babies with long dainty dresses lay in a large carriage with a uniformed nurse in attendance—these were gone in a moment. Next came the boudoir dolls. (An attendant might wear clever lounging pajamas.) Such elegant ladies they were, too, in their dresses of lace and silk. There were not half enough for the customers. Such quaint little Dutch twins! One must buy both the boy and girl. At the American booth, which is decorated with the colors of the flag, there were many choices. Perhaps a sunbonnet baby, an overall boy,

a young lady in evening dress, a girl with a wool coat and hat, or a baby with knitted sweater, cap and booties. Here, one could also buy pop-corn balls or candy.

Each booth was beautifully decorated in keeping with the idea carried out, for what group of parents was not anxious that their booth should be the prettiest?

The P. T. A. found that they had realized one hundred and fifty dollars from this project. It was a wonderful example of co-operation and they remember it with pride and pleasure.

AND THEY USED TO CALL THEM FLAPPERS!

By ANNA L. NEWSON

There had been a warm wind all day, and the heavy snow which but the day before had been hard and unyielding, had become slush on the sidewalks and tiny streams in the streets and at the crossings. It was final week—the busiest week in the life of the university student. It was nine o'clock at night when someone rang the bell.

"What a night to be out," I said as I opened the door, to be greeted by two coeds. One asked me to buy a candle. The various women's organizations of the campus, I was told, were engineering this candle sale to help needy students who would not otherwise be privileged to return to school the second quarter.

Of course, I bought the candle, which was well worth the twenty-five cents asked for it. But I was informed that if I would place the lighted candle in the window on Thursday night, Christmas carols would be sung before the window.

At least two things came into my mind in connection with this candle sale, which Miss Alicia Eames, who was chairman of the affair, told me was borrowed from Kansas University. "Kansas University students have carried on these candle sales," said Miss Eames, "until it has become a campus tradition. And, while this is the first one we have had at Colorado University, we hope also to make it a tradition here."

We have been told that the present day youth is hard, and cold—or at least indifferent. Still here were girls who need not worry about the expenses of their college years, (they had parents able and willing to pay all bills incidental to their college training) and they were wading in slush at nine o'clock at night—and on final week, at that—to help earn money so that others less fortunate might go to school again next quarter.

Another thing: We are told today that our youth—especially the college contingent—are not religious—that they are indifferent toward things spiritual. Yet these girls besides giving us value received for the money expended, were willing to take time from their busy week to come again that week and sing the beautiful Christmas carols wherever a candle lighted the window.

About a hundred girls did the soliciting and the delivering of the candles—and in groups of four or five—the singing. \$250.00 were raised, and it will be spent to pay for work around the campus where no other funds are available. Long live the co-ed who is willing to do disagreeable things that another may prosper thereby. She sees the beauty in the lighted candle at the window and in the lighted countenance of the boy or girl who gets a job because of the candle sale. Surely this spirit of helpfulness is what the great Teacher meant when He said, "Be ye kind, one to another."

GREETING CARD BLOTTERS.

By MRS. LOIS CHENEY KAREW

Whether you have Mother's day cards, birthday greetings, Christmas cards, Valentines, or picture postals of scenery, they can be made into useful remembrances—small writing-desk blotters. A five-cent sheet of blotting paper will make a number of blotters.

Place card on blotting paper and trace to get correct size, making several blotters for each card. Mark one-fourth to one-half inch from each end of card and blotter to be used. Fasten together with "round head paper fasteners" (100 for 10c) so that when one layer of blotting paper becomes soiled it can be removed easily. Two holes, one-half inch apart, can be punched at the ends, and pretty ribbon bows used to tie blotting paper and card together. Silk cord is pretty, too. Some of you who can draw and paint can make your own greeting cards.

Turkeys, animals, Santa Claus and other pictures can be cut from magazines, then glued to stiff cardboard and will make neat, inexpensive gifts when the blotter paper is added.

A LITTLE CHILD—

By IDA MILLS WILHELM

The home room plan had proved a success in our high school. My group had been interested from the first. Together we had planned and made the room more attractive; we had had several good programs; Thanksgiving Day a well-filled basket had gone to a home with eleven children in the family; but Christmas—we wanted something different.

We talked it over in smaller groups. One student happened to mention the fact that a little four-year old child in their neighborhood would have no Christmas. The father, who was out of work, could barely make enough to keep the family from absolute want. Then came a happy thought—why not borrow the little girl for our Christmas? The vote was unanimous.

Our plans progressed rapidly. For my part I got a small Christmas tree to stand on the desk. It was quickly decorated with tinsel and candles. Everyone was to contribute something for the Christmas tree. There was to be toys, lots of them, but practical gifts were just as welcome. Before many days the box in the corner began to overflow; the room took on a festive appearance; the children radiated interest and enthusiasm.

Two girls had been delegated to make arrangements for borrowing the baby. The girl who lived in the neighborhood was to bring her at the proper time.

Then came the afternoon of the last day of school before the holidays. The baby appeared in the doorway, walked timidly up to the front of the room, the cynosure of all eyes. The faded dress was spotlessly clean, her gaze was held by the Christmas tree now brave in tinsel and lighted candles. When we sat her up on the desk for the first time the child became conscious of the others in the room, the forty young men and women watching her, and gazed in wonder, a little frightened, almost ready to cry. One of the students handed her a tiny doll; both arms were extended to receive the unexpected gift; henceforth the baby was ours.

The principal came down the hallway, glanced into the room attracted by the lights, and stayed to witness the fun. Another and another joined him until the doorway was crowded. What they saw was well worth seeing, a group of boys and girls thrilled with the joy of the Christmas spirit which was finding delightful expression in bringing happiness into the heart and life of a little child, who accepted each gift with a radiant smile, her arms filled to overflowing.

Later the presents and a box of more substantial gifts and groceries were carried to the child's home.

Was our home room Christmas a success?

It most assuredly was! Here was a life situation bringing out desirable traits to be fostered, those traits easily cultivated at the Christmas time, and the students were thoroughly in it. "A little child shall lead them"—was having a new meaning, a worthwhile meaning—as it always has.

CHRISTMAS CAROL SINGING.

By R. P. MATTHEWS

"Let's make it an old-fashioned Christmas."

That, in brief, was the net result of a conference between Merle C. Prunty, head of the Tulsa school system and officials of the *Tulsa World* relative to a campaign to provide additional funds with which the school cafeterias could meet the growing demand of under-nourished school children for a warm satisfying lunch.

Making it an old-fashioned Christmas meant, among other things, reverting to the simplicity of our forefathers in Yule tide observance. In Tulsa this simplicity took the form of Christmas carol singing.

The Tulsa plan, in brief, was to organize groups of school children, bands, orchestras, etc., and for a period of two weeks before Christmas, these groups would enact the role of strolling minstrels, going from house to house, in the early evening hours and letting their voices blend in the singing of those old carols so near and dear to the hearts of people the world over.

The groups of singers and musicians operated under the jurisdiction of either a representative from the participating newspaper or the music teacher of the school. During the concert, the listeners would usually come to the door, or gather on the porch of the home. After it was

finished, the director of the group would explain their mission and receive whatever contribution the donors cared to give.

Wide publicity was given the carol singers by the *Tulsa World*, and it developed that little explaining was necessary when the singing started. Everybody in Tulsa had read, approved and taken to their heart the mission of the singers.

So responsive was the public to the idea that, soon after the singers began making their appearance, request calls began to come in to the newspaper to have the groups call at their home at a certain hour and sing for a houseful of guests; or serenade a social gathering. At the close of the period indicated practically all carol singing was on request appearances.

Needless to say, the result of the campaign for more funds for the school was highly successful. Every cent taken in went into the cafeteria fund, for no expense was attached to carrying out the original purpose.

It is comparatively easy to interest other musical organizations throughout the city to join in the movement. In Tulsa, music teachers, church choirs, corporations and musical organizations organized choruses and went out nightly.

It is certain other schools can adopt the Tulsa plan and make it an outstanding activity of the school year. In the average city, it should be an easy matter to interest a newspaper in the project for much good reacts to all concerned. The sympathy of the public becomes strongly entrenched with any organization, newspaper or otherwise, who have as their cause, a civic need of this kind. December, 1932, will be a good time to try this out.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

A school, a teacher friend, or a fellow school executive will appreciate a year's subscription to SCHOOL ACTIVITIES. Why not make that your choice of a gift? The subscription price is only \$1.50. A letter will be sent presenting the magazine with your compliments.

Accept Every Invitation . . .

to speak in public. If you feel uncertain about what to say, write to me; I'll prepare toasts, articles, or longer addresses. \$3 a thousand words. Toasts, \$1.50.

ANNA MANLEY GALT, "Ghost Writer"
EMPORIA, KANSAS

(Name of School) High School's Wedding

EDITH SELTER

CHARACTERS.

(Have names printed on paper and worn around head.)

BRIDE, Honor Victory—Loveliest Girl in School.
GROOM, Mr. — H. S.—Most Popular Boy in School.

PREACHER, Rev. B. Game—A Good Sportsman.
MAID OF HONOR, Sally School Spirit—Best All-Round Girl Student (dressed in school colors or carrying banner).

BEST MAN, Billy Back-'Em-Up—Best All-Round Boy.

ATTENDANTS, Charlie Cheers, Cora Coöperation, Peter Pep—Good Enthusiastic Cheer Leaders; Polly Practice—A Good Student.

THE TEAM.

TIME: Shortly before a game or contest with another school.

PLACE: Student assembly hall at assembly period.

Requires about 15 minutes.

SCENE I.

(Glee club on stage sing to tune of "Wearing of the Green"):

Oh, students dear, and do you hear
The news that all should tell?

There'll be a game of lasting fame
Played here and played right well.

We will pit against old (Rival) High (If more than two syllables, leave out "High")

Our team that's tried and true.
They'll do their best for — H. S. (Supply letter of own school.)

But much depends on you. (All point out to audience.)

Dear — H. S. a-courting goes (Supply letter of own school.)

In colors bright and fine.
He'll need some help to win the lass,
Depends on yours and mine.

If our high school comes to honor,
A wedding there will be—

'Twill take a lot of all we've got
To win Miss Victory.

Old Peter Pep will guide our step
And all will fall in line;

School Spirit show as on we go,
Our forces we'll combine.

'Tis Polly Practice makes our team;
This we appreciate,

But she can't do the work alone;
We must coöperate.

We'll follow Billy-Back-'Em-Up,
And what he says we'll do;

And Charlie Cheer will lead us on,
Dear — High for you.

Oh, do not fear the outcome
Of what that night will see;
You we adore; we'll help you for
To wed Miss Victory.

(Whole assembly should sing last stanza; words may be passed around before meeting.)

Dear — H. S., we'll back you, yes,
We'll back you to a man!
Miss Victory is meant for thee,
And win her that you can.

On — night in gala light
The — and — will fly (Supply school colors)

We'll all be there your joy to share,
Or know the reason why.

Miss Victory is lovely and

We want her for our own;

She's the most attractive maiden
— H. S. has ever known.

She represents good sportsmanship,
School spirit, loyalty.

We'll gather round to watch our town
Wed sweet Miss Victory.

(Chorus leaves stage or if stage is large enough stays in background.)

SCENE II.

(The wedding march is played and principals march to stage, team leading. Team lines up in background but in front of chorus. Wedding party takes places on stage, as if for wedding.)

Rev. B. Game (not singing): Do you take
this lovely maiden,

To be your lady true?

Do you cherish her and love her?

— H. S.: Most certainly I do!

Rev. B. Game: And, Victory, how speaks
your heart?

In triumph or disaster,
Will you accept our — H. S.

To be your lord and master?

Victory: Oh, prithee, wait; impatience
hide!

This haste is most alarming!

It's difficult to quite decide,

His rival is so charming!

— H. S. (kneeling): But, Victory, on
bended knee

I beg you to be mine.

Victory: Arise. 'Twill do your cause no
good

To humbly beg and whine.

(Victory withdraws to side of stage in front. — H. S. rises but with head bowed.)

School Spirit: I beg your pardon, Vic-
tory;

Your words are very true.

It isn't like our — H. S.

To idly wish—but do!

Billy Back-Em-Up: Our —High needs
backing up

And he will get it, too.

He'll get the backing that he needs

From you and you and you! (*Points to audience.*)

Elizabeth will get her date

To take her to the game;

And Jane will hurry with her work

And John will do the same.

We have no silly, sickly folks

Who for a game don't care,

But every single student here

Is going to be right there!

Cheer up, Old Man, we're back of you

(*Slaps — H. S. on back*)

We're with you to a man!

There's not a doubt but what you'll win

Miss Victory. You can. (*— H. S. raises head and smiles. Use names of real girls and boys above.*)

Polly Practice: Of course you can; just see our team.

Defeat. There's nothing in it.

They're taking pains by practicing

Most every single minute.

(*She points to team. Those in front separate so team is visible and Charlie and Peter lead whole school in nine rahs for team.*)

Cora Coöperation: Come on, let's get together, say,

Let no one dare to shirk,

For winning Victory's not play;

It does require work.

Everybody's in it—every last one.

All pull together—Gee, it's lots of fun!

Charlie Cheer: Miss Victory's a jolly maid,

Methinks she'd like to hear

The mighty sound that goes around

When we decide to cheer.

(*Leads school in favorite yell.*)

Peter Pep: Oh, come, everybody, get into step

Skedaddle to the sidelines all peppered up with pep!

Let's get our wind and holler

Till we make the rafters roar;

They'll hear us up at — (*Supply name of rival*)

And be scared forevermore.

(*Yell again.*)

Victory (*turning back and taking a few steps toward center*): Oh, that was

great! a mighty thrill

Is tingling down my spine!

— H. S. (*rushing to her and clasping*

hands): You can't resist. I love you still.

Come, Victory, be mine. (*They turn to preacher.*)

Victory: Good preacher, will you ask again That question, quickly, too?

For I've a hunch that I'll reply

"I do. I do. I do!"

Rev. B. Game (*shaking head*): Aha! Fair sprite, but you were right.

This wedding has to wait.

(*Supply time of game*) In honest fight on — night

Will be decreed your fate.

School Spirit: Oh, Victory's the girl for me!

I knew she'd like to hear

The high school that had pep enough

To give a rousing cheer;

The high school that appreciates

The team that's nobly striven;

The high school that coöperates

And backing true has given.

I'm mighty proud of each of you

Who stand before me here.

I'll look around for each of you.

We'll win her; never fear.

— H. S.: I want to thank you, friends of mine,

For what you've done for me.

Without your help I never should

Be wedding Victory.

The marriage surely must take place.

It will be brought about,

For every single student will

Assist beyond a doubt.

'Twas confidence my team required

That you have given, and, too,

Your pep that Victory admired

Has shown what you will do.

In just a little while you'll see

The nuptials begin.

Then let's all cheer a rousing cheer

For those who help me win!

Peter Pep: At (*hour*) o'clock be on the spot,

Be sure to bring your pepper pot.

Coöperation: The issue's not decided yet.

'Twill take us all; now don't forget.

Polly Practice: Your team will do their very best;

We count on you to do the rest.

Charlie Cheer: Let's pledge allegiance with a song

That we'll help — H. S. along,

That Victory without disaster

May take him for her lord and master.

'Twill be for better, never worse.

Come on, let's sing that final verse.

Games for the Group

Christmas-Green Puzzle.

By BLANCHE GRAHAM WILLIAMS

Each of the following is a Christmas Green:

1. A part of a foot, and a weapon to be thrown.
2. A sacred word with an added L.
3. A river in Italy. A small preposition. A transitive verb. Three final transposed letters are a, t, i.
4. Name of a season. Name of a fruit.
5. A girl's name and an L.
6. A bit of pastry and the first sound of a negative word.
7. What you plant. The 18th letter of the alphabet.
8. Something tossed. A boy's name.
9. A holy city. A common fruit.
10. Something at the bottom of a garment. Something in which a key is inserted.

Answers:

1. Mistle-toe.
2. Holly.
3. Poinsettia.
4. Winter Berry.
5. Laurel.
6. Pine.
7. Cedar.
8. Balsam.
9. Jerusalem Cherry.
10. Hemlock.

A Game for the Christmas Party.

Cut out each of the following words. Place in an envelope. Mark No. I.

- | | | |
|--------|---------|----------------|
| 1—the | 1—that | 1—every |
| 1—a | 1—those | 1—twenty-fifth |
| 1—an | 1—these | 1—more |
| 1—our | 1—many | 1—another |
| 1—your | 1—few | 1—each |
| 1—my | 1—first | 1—three |
| 1—this | 1—last | |

Cut out each of the following words. Place in envelope. Mark No. II.

- | | | |
|----------|-----------|----------------|
| 2—merry | 2—funny | 2—disappointed |
| 2—bright | 2—solemn | 2—mysterious |
| 2—clear | 2—joyous | 2—beautiful |
| 2—lovely | 2—stately | 2—gorgeous |
| 2—happy | 2—jolly | 2—dazzling |
| 2—little | 2—glad | 2—chubby |
| 2—good | 2—magic | |

Cut out each of the following words. Place in an envelope. Mark No. III.

- | | | |
|----------|------------|------------------|
| 3—chimes | 3—wreath | 3—Christmas tree |
| 3—snow | 3—chimney | 3—ornaments |
| 3—tinsel | 3—candles | 3—jumping jack |
| 3—carols | 3—surprise | 3—Santa Claus |
| 3—dolls | 3—presents | 3—stockings |
| 3—stars | 3—children | 3—reindeers |
| 3—holly | 3—package | |

Cut out the following words. Place in an envelope. Mark No. IV.

- | | | |
|------------|-----------|---------|
| 4—sparkles | 4—flutter | 4—shine |
| 4—pretend | 4—floated | 4—gaze |
| 4—whisper | 4—dance | 4—ring |
| 4—crammed | 4—hangs | 4—leap |
| 4—surprise | 4—guess | 4—toss |
| 4—wondered | 4—shriek | 4—sing |
| 4—skipped | 4—laugh | |

Cut out each of the following words. Place in an envelope. Mark No. V.

- | | | |
|---------------|-------------|-----------|
| 5—secretly | 5—brightly | 5—softly |
| 5—wonderingly | 5—proudly | 5—safely |
| 5—cautiously | 5—sweetly | 5—quietly |
| 5—gracefully | 5—joyfully | 5—gladly |
| 5—exceedingly | 5—merrily | 5—lightly |
| 5—splendidly | 5—hurriedly | 5—swiftly |
| 5—hopefully | 5—gaily | |

Pass envelope No. I and let each guest take a slip.

Pass envelopes II, III, IV and V in same manner.

Supply each with pencil and a slip of paper.

Have each arrange his words consecutively.

When this is done have the word groups read.

Award a prize to the one having the most coherent sentence.

Award another to the one having the least sense.

Oh Beans!

Choose sides. Then the leader calls out number one. Number one from each side goes to the table where they find a bowl of beans and two cups. The leader hands each player two silver knives. At the sound of the bell, players must pick up the knives, holding them perpendicular and

dip into the bowl of beans, then holding as many as possible on their knives, deposit them in the cups. Only one attempt is made by a player. The bell sounds and he passes on, leaving the stage for the number two, and so on until all have tried. The side whose cup holds the most beans are winners.

Cross Examination.

By A. F. WINSLOW

One member of a party is told to go to another room while the other members agree on some object. When he re-enters the room, he must by a number of questions discover what object the other members have designated. The member who has been sent from the room and who is to do the questioning must ask only such questions as can be answered by a simple YES or NO.

Let us assume that the members have chosen The President of the United States. The questioner enters and asks, "Which kingdom—animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

The first member asked, responds, "Animal". The questioner then continues asking questions of each member in turn.

Question: Is it in this room?

Answer: No.

Question: Is it in this house?

Answer: No.

Q: Is it in this town (or city)?

A: No.

Q: Is it in this state?

A: No.

Q: Is it in a state bordering on the Atlantic ocean?

A: No.

Q: Is it in the United States?

A: Yes.

Q: Is it in any state?

A: No.

Q: Is it in a body of water?

A: No.

Q: Is it human?

A: Yes.

Q: Is it a man?

A: Yes.

Q: Is it in the District of Columbia?

A: Yes.

Q: Is it the President?

A: Yes.

Unless one has tried this game, he has no idea how easy it is to eliminate all possibilities and get down to the object which the members have designated.

An additional element of interest may be added by having a secretary appointed to keep a record of answers to find out which member has guessed the object in the least number of questions.

The public schools are the people's schools and the people must know and understand the schools, otherwise the people will not support them. School superintendents are inclined to be idealists and optimists and to believe that the good work done in the schools will speak for itself. Unfortunately good work does not speak for itself. The schools need an advocate with the people.—J. M. Gwinn, superintendent of schools, San Francisco.

BACK TO THE FARM.

(Continued from Page 24)

ton to come home. Just before the curtain falls and while *Home, Sweet Home* is being played softly by the orchestra, Merton renounces "catacombed tenement houses, congested business centers, and overdone fashions and amusements," and announces, "I am going back to live in God's country, back to the farm."

In Act III Merton has modernized the old farm and converted everyone to his scientific methods. Considerable humor results from the blunders of Gus in trying to apply what he has learned from Merton. Before the final curtain Merton has the promise from Rose that she will help him "to make this the best farm home in the western hemisphere".

Act II will be released in the January issue of SCHOOL ACTIVITIES, Act III in February. There is no royalty charge to SCHOOL ACTIVITIES readers. The entire play under one cover sells for twenty-five cents and may be ordered direct from School Activities Publishing Co., 1212 West 13th Street, Topeka, Kansas.

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COMPLETELY INSULATED.

It had long been Sam's ambition to own a fur coat, and after years of skimping he had achieved it. On the first day of its possession, as he was strutting down the street, a friend approached him.

"Mo'nin, Sam", the friend remarked, his teeth chattering from the wintry blasts, "Pretty col' day, ain't she?"

Sam lifted his chin haughtily from the depths of his huge fur collar.

"Ah really can't tell 'bout the weather," he replied carelessly. "Ah ain't looked at de paper today."

"I notice that the humorists have been picking on the mosquito a good deal lately," writes J. R. M. "But I can assure them that the mosquito has his good points. He's a hospitable chap; he'll give you a bite and a swell time afterwards."

Angus—"What would you do with \$1,000 if I was to give it to you?"

Sandy—"The first thing I would do would be to count it."—*The Pathfinder*.

APPARENTLY.

"I tell you it's all I can do to keep that daughter of mine in clothes."

"Yes, so I see."

A MATTER OF MEMORY.

"Be sure," said Jones, "to look up my friend, Mr. Lummack, while in the city."

"Mr. Lummack?" asked his friend absentmindedly.

"Yes, Mr. Lummack. You can remember his name because it rhymes with stomach."

A few weeks later his friend returned and encountered Jones on the street. "Do you know," he said. "I tried and tried, but never could find your friend, Mr. Kelly."

—*The Loreco Diamond*.

The professor threw his eye over his shoulder. A pupil in the back of the room who had been throwing paper wads caught the eye of the professor and decided at once it was a cold, hard eye.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

Judge: "I cannot conceive a meaner, more cowardly act than yours of deserting your wife. Do you realize you are a deserter?"

Prisoner: "Well, if you all knowed dat lady as I does, boss, you sho wouldn't call me no deserter. Ah is a refugee—dat's what Ah is."

Mike—"Is there any place where there are no Jews?"

Pat—"Shure, Greenland has no Jews."

Mike—"I'm not so certain about that. That man, Iceberg, he's no Methodist."

"I Is"

"I is," began Tommy.

"I am, not I is," corrected the teacher promptly.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," Tommy went on.—*Journal of Education*.

MEETING POSTPONED.

Boss: "Rastus, did you go to your lodge meeting last night?"

Rastus: "No sah. We dun have to postpone it."

Boss: "How was that?"

Rastus: "The Grand-All-Powerful-Invincible-Most-Supreme-Unconquerable-Potentate dun got beat up by his wife!"

—*The Furrow*.

"Hey there, fellow, what you-all runnin' for?"

"I'se gwine stop a fight."

"Who's all fightin'?"

"Jus me an' another feller."

Rastus: "What kind of seegars does you all smoke?"

Sambo: "Ah smokes Robinson Crusoes."

Rastus: "What kind is dey?"

Sambo: "Castaways, just castaways."